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Looking Forward

WE HAVE PRINTED in this magazine many articles dealing with the great changes which are coming about day by day in the industrial and scientific world. Such phrases as "mass production," "machine age," "our growing leisure" are on the lips of intelligent men and women everywhere. A world of airplane travel, of annihilated frontiers, of international banks and interrelated business is unquestionably just around the corner.

YET THERE IS another aspect of life today and tomorrow which receives little mention but which may be more far reaching in its ultimate effects than all the startling changes which stare at us from the headlines of our newspapers. This is the revolution which is going on in man's thinking: his thinking about himself; his view of human nature, his estimates of character and motives, of emotion and intellect, of right and wrong, and of personal and social conduct.

PSYCHOLOGY is a magic word to increasing thousands of the most intelligent of our people today—and rightly so. For in the last twenty years men have come increasingly to recognize that beneath the surface of our actions and reasoning faculties lies an immense uncharted jungle wherein stalks man's greatest enemy—fear. Our psychologists are the natural intelligent hunters of this enemy, today, just as once Medicine Men were its ignorant exorcisers.

INCREASINGLY, understanding of the facts which make this so is affecting our religious attitudes, our interpretations of the Bible, our methods of doing business, our emotional relationships, our bringing up of our children and our charity for each other—in brief, our life itself.

IT WILL BE peculiarly the province of this magazine in the next year to bring before its readers intelligent discussion of this subject which at present suffers from all the distortion and disagreement which inevitably attends every attempt of mankind to widen its understanding of itself and its world.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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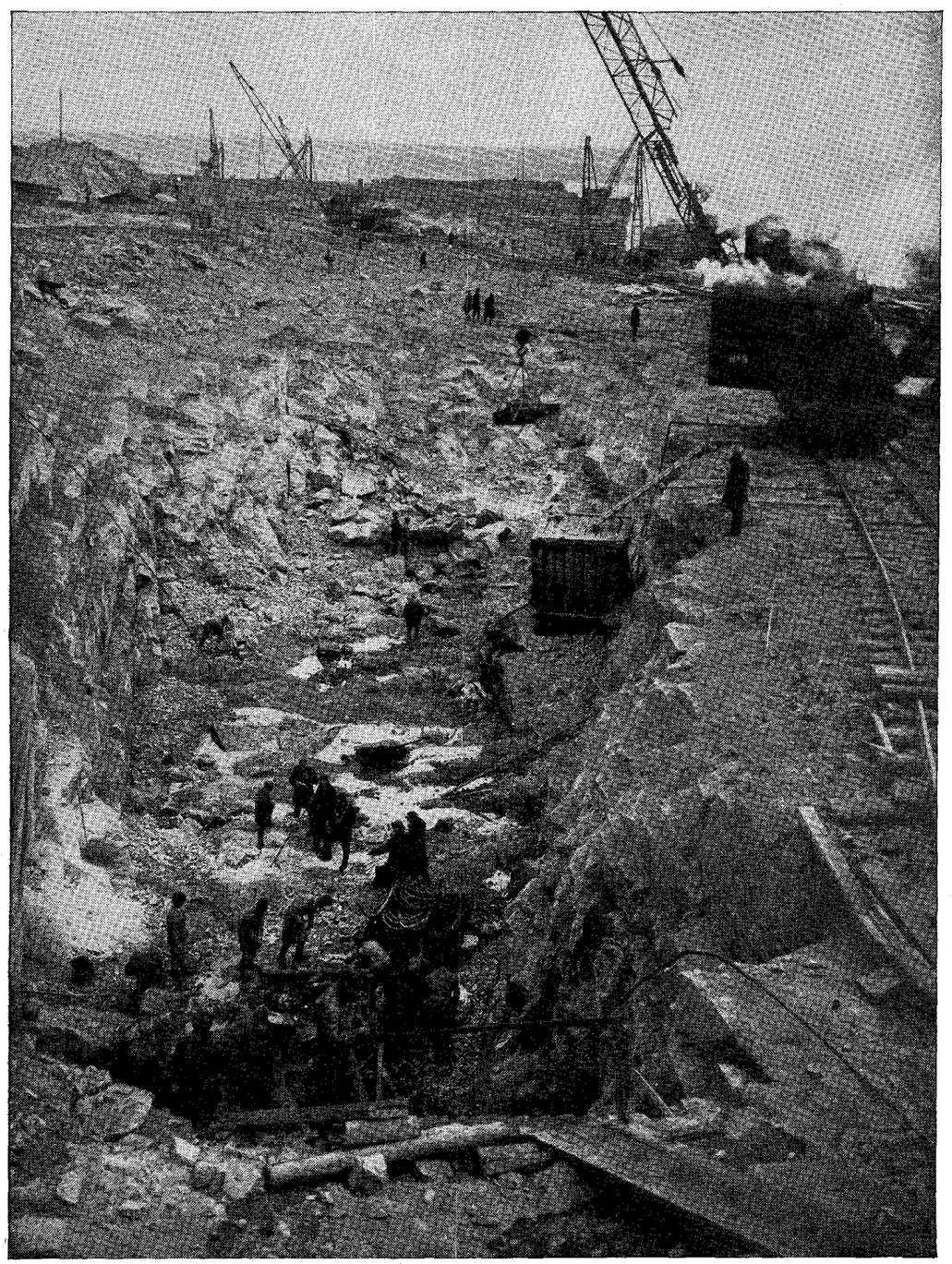

BUILDING THE DNEIPEROSTROY

A staff of American engineers are constructing in Russia what will be the largest power dam in the world, exceeding the capacity of Muscle Shoals by one third

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Outlook

and Independent

July 10, 1929

Trade With Russia

Becomes Respectable

By JONATHAN MITCHELL

The statement with which this article begins will, we believe, surprise many of our readers; as it surprised us. The facts seem to be that trade relations with Russia were resumed as long ago as 1923; and this month of 1929 will see the first American trade delegation in Moscow. Mr. Mitchell is a former foreign correspondent of the "New York World"

RUSSIA, at the moment, is doing more business, on more liberal credits, with us than with any other country, except Germany.

Russia and Germany, since the war, have maintained a certain political partnership. They have been, in the view of the Allies, the two international bad boys, and, not unnaturally, they have clung to each other. But of all the rest of the world, we have been readiest to help with the Soviets' program of industrialization. It is upon the carrying out of that program, as M. Stalin and his associates now admit, that the future stability of the Communist regime depends.

Within the last few months, trading with Russia has suddenly become very respectable. As one indication, a party of bankers, factory owners and engineers has accepted an invitation of the Russian-American Chamber of Commerce to form the first United States Trade Delegation to Moscow. Their visit is scheduled for this month. It was officially announced some time ago that among those who had agreed to go were representatives of the International General Electric Company, the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, the Chase National Bank, the Equitable Trust Company, and other corporations equally impressive. The great personal interest of Mr. Owen D. Young is responsible, it is understood, for the presence of the International General Electric Company's representative.

At the present time, there are more than two thousand American firms which are doing, or recently have done, business with the Soviets. This is a very painful thing for some people in Wall Street to contemplate. A few days back, an official of one of the great banking houses tried to explain, more to himself than to anyone else, how it had happened.

"I tell you what," he said; "our Government went too far."

Radicals in this country had been sentenced to twenty years in jail. Twenty years was too long. Young girls and boys had been beaten up by the police. Our American sense of fair play hadn't been able to stomach that. There had been a revulsion of feeling.

The banking official paused. He scowled.

"But what some people won't understand is that trading with Russia is trading with the enemy, and that is treason."

He doubted that the profit from American-Russian trade would ever amount to anything much. He poohpoohed the agreement recently concluded between the Soviets and Henry Ford. Wait and see how much of his own money Mr. Ford was willing to put up. Yes, he had heard about the $26,000,000 credit granted Russia by the International General Electric. He'd been told that the General Electric accepted as security one quarter in gold, one quarter in platinum, and for the remaining half, a lien on the Red fleet. Several Wall Street bankers had repeated this story, too. And the prospect of some day witnessing Messrs. Young and Gerard Swope piloting a replevined Russian battleship up New York harbor, had seemed to delight them immoderately.

Nevertheless, the record is that during the last business year Russia purchased some $91,000,000 worth of American products, and about one half of this was obtained on credits advanced by our bankers and industrialists.

NOT SO MANY months ago, trade between Russia and the United States was still a sort of back alley affair. People who did business with the Soviets took pains not to let that fact be generally known. They said no more than they had to, to their associates. Almost nothing leaked out to the newspapers. Now, a little nervously and defiantly, these same Americans are pointing out that we are doing a greater business with Communists than ever we did, before the war, with the subjects of the Czar.

For a long while there was a real possibility that Bolshevik-hunting organizations here might raise an out-

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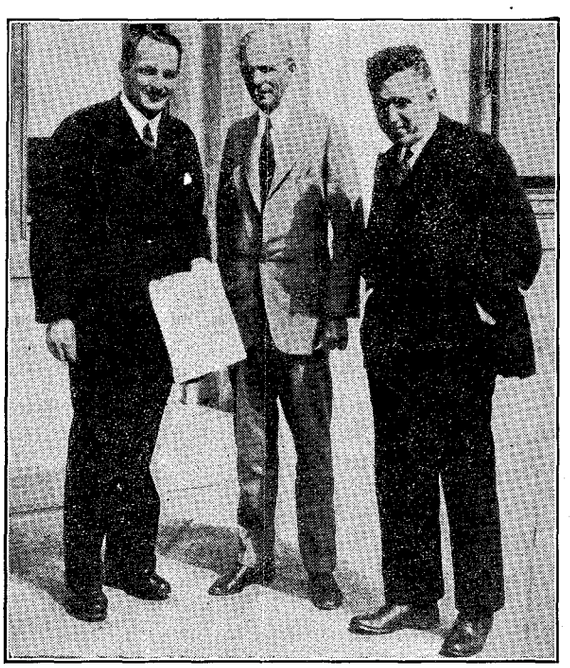
cry which would force Governmental action. It was only two years ago that Arcos, the Russian-British trade agency, was flung out of England, and very roughly, too, by a Tory Home Secretary who was seeking the support of opponents of Communism. Citizens of the Soviets have no legal status in the United States. And the Russian trade mission now established in New York City, Amtorg, may be deported at any time, at the pleasure of our State Department. There are, even today, some half-dozen volunteer groups, Americans and Russians of the former Kerensky regime, actively engaged in spying on the activities of Amtorg. They will tell you that nothing, perhaps, can be done at the present time, but that soon the Soviets will fall, and then these Bolsheviks in New York will be cleaned out root and branch. The fact is, however, that when, about five years ago, the first Communist agents came to this country seeking American goods and credits for revolutionary Russia, they faced what must have seemed an impossible task. No one at that time believed that Russia, outside the various radical organizations, had any friends here. Then it was discovered that there were in New York a number of extremely influential Americans, who, because they had been in Russia in 1917, and been moved by what they saw in that strange, vast land, were willing, privately, to help the Soviet representatives. In the year 1917 the Czar had fallen, the revolution was under way, and the famine was coming. It was the few Americans—not one of whom has or had any sympathy for Communism—who witnessed these things, mostly as members of official American missions, who made possible the beginning of trade with Russia. They were actuated, as nearly as anyone can discover, by an entirely quixotic attachment to the country, and the people. One of them, Col. William Boyce Thompson, metal magnate, for years afterward constituted himself the somewhat incongruous apologist for all things Russian. Another man, Samuel Bertron, who had been attached to the Elihu Root mission to Kerensky, became some six years later the first chairman of the Russian-American Chamber of Commerce, the organization which is sponsoring the present Trade Delegation to Moscow. Mr. Bertron, member of the Wall Street house of Bertron, Griscom, tall, white-haired, very much of the old school, revisited Russia some three months ago.

"Once you've been in the country . . ," he said. He apparently found words inadequate to express all that he felt. The Russians were a great people. It was a great country. It had a great future. He began to tell about his last trip. The Russians had placed railroad accommodations at his disposal, but he had gone out and purchased a ticket, like any other traveler. He did not intend to be beholden to the Soviet Government. The train service was excellent. The moment you cross the Polish border, you sensed the difference. And the people . . . the very porters there at the customs house were so quick and intelligent. They put your baggage away in your compartment, and then presented their bill, all made out. You could not make them accept a tip. Mr. Bertron hoped he would be able to visit Russia once more, towards the end of this present summer, perhaps.



FORD TO SUPPLY SOVIETS WITH $30,000,000 OF MACHINERY

Valery I. Meshlauk of the Soviet Supreme Economic Council, Henry Ford, and Saul G. Bron, of the Amtorg Trading Corporation, principals in recently signed contract

A third American in Russia in 1917 was a New York lawyer, Thomas D. Thacher, since created a Federal judge. He was at that time aide to John R. Mott in the American Relief Association. The story of how American-Russian trade relations actually were begun has never been publicly told. There is reason, however, for believing they started, somewhere about 1923, with Mr. Thacher. In 1923 one of Mr. Thacher's former law partners, Reeves Schley, had become a vice-president of the Chase National Bank, third largest financial institution in the country. One day, according to the story—and it comes from a trustworthy source—Mr. Thacher telephoned Mr. Schley. He said there was a fellow in his office who wished to borrow one million dollars. Could he send him to Mr. Schley?

Presently there arrived at the Chase National Bank a Russian named Nogin. He explained that some 160,000,000 people, spread over one half of Europe and one half of Asia, needed clothes. It was necessary for M. Nogin to have at once $1,000,000 worth of American cotton. Mr. Schley speculated vaguely on how his extraordinary visitor could be in New York at all, since at that time our boundaries were closed to Bolsheviks. He never succeeded in finding out.

As an applicant for credit, however, Mr. Schley thought the Soviet Union only slightly more promising than a tribe of Sioux Indians would have been, and said something to this general effect. M. Nogin was not to be put off. His countrymen needed clothes.

After some discussion, Mr. Schley is reported to have suggested that, while a direct loan to Russia was out of the question, a corporation, set up under the laws of the United States and adequately financed, might, although Mr. Schley promised nothing, obtain the needed credits. Two days afterwards, M. Nogin returned. The company which is now known as Amtorg—"Am" for American and "torg" for torgovlia, the Russian word for trade—had been created. Resources of $2,000,000 had been cabled from London. Mr. Schley today is president of the Russian-American Chamber of Commerce. About four years ago he visited Russia and took with him Mrs. Schley and their daughter.

"They were as safe in Moscow as they would be in New York," he said. "You hear all these stories about

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Russia. I'm tired contradicting them.

"The Russians are a great people. Once you've seen Russia for yourself . . . "

Thereafter the Chase National Bank continued to finance the cotton purchases of the Soviet Textile Syndicate. The Chase has been by far the largest source of credit for Russia in Wall Street. By 1925, M. Nogin was dead. Partly at least, it was because he had savagely, passionately, eagerly worked himself to death for his country. He is buried in the Kremlin not so very far from the young American Communist leader, John Reed. The plaza before the Supreme Economic Council in Moscow has been renamed Nogin Square.

There is little question but that Mr. Schley has made, or expects to make, money from his dealings with Russia. All the Americans doing business with the Soviets are presumably insistent upon profits. The building up of Russian-American commercial relations has been very far from a romantic episode. Still, the Americans who have been the readiest to recognize the Soviets, financially and industrially, have mostly been men who, seen against the mass of their fellows, are more or less glamorous.

Take, for example, Thomas D. Campbell of Montana. Mr. Campbell, credited with being the largest individual grower of wheat in the world, has succeeded in operating farms like factories, with foremen and gangs of laborers. The Romans did it with slaves. Mr. Campbell is the first man ever to apply mass production to agriculture with free men. He has recently been in Russia organizing the Soviet State Farms. There is the chunky, weather-beaten little Col. Hugh L. Cooper, hydraulic engineer, who built the Keokuk dam across the Mississippi, and who describes his career as spent "fighting water." With a staff of American engineers, he is constructing the fabulous Dneiperostroy, the largest power dam in the world. Completed, and Col. Cooper expects to finish it in 1933, it will exceed the capacity of Muscle Shoals by one third.

Incidentally, one of the most ingenious schemes which the Russians have for hurrying up the industrialization of their country will thereupon go into effect. Power from the dam will be carried on high tension wires to the nearby Donetz coal mines. There it will be employed to develop the mines to their uttermost—otherwise the work of a generation. From that time on, the coal will be scientifically burned at the pit head, and power sent back over the wires to reinforce the 800,000 h.p. of the Dneiperostroy.

ON A SIBERIAN MODEL STATE FARM

A reaping machine with a tractor; the model farms have many motor-operated machines

Again there is Henry Ford. Mr. Ford has very recently concluded an agreement with the Soviets by which he is to supply them with $30,000,000 worth of machinery on credit. With it, they are to build factories of a capacity of 100,000 cars and tractors and trucks each year. And there is Owen D. Young, who last fall offered to trust the Soviets for $26,000,000 worth of electrical machinery, to be used at the Dneiperostroy. It is reported that when Mr. Young first broached this plan to his Board of Directors, they were—to put it gently—nonplussed. It should also be said that the agreement between the International General Electric and the Soviets, according to excellent authority, contains one very significant provision. The old claims of the General Electric against the Czarist Government—which are among the claims which the United States declares must be honored as a preliminary to diplomatic recognition—are now, under agreement, to be waived. There is no mention anywhere of a lien on the Red fleet.

A few of the other American concerns co-operating with the Soviets are the Radio Corporation of America; the Du Pont de Nemours Company, which will superintend the erection of fertilizer plants; the H. J. Freyn Engineering Company, the specialty of which is steel mills; Stuart, James and Cooke, coal mine engineers; and the McCormick Company of Pittsburgh, designers of the enormous central Moscow bakery.

Amtorg was improvised, almost overnight, five years ago. Today its offices fill two and a half floors of a gaudy new office building on Fifth Avenue in New York City. It has a staff of two hundred men and women. During a single week, last May, its business totaled some $8,000,000. Its chief is Saul G. Bron, former Trade Commissar for the Ukraine. Both M. Bron and his predecessor at Amtorg, A. V. Prigarin, have been at the head of Khleb, the Soviet Grain Export Syndicate.

The officials of the various Russian syndicates, not unnaturally, hesitated to buy American heavy machinery, dyes, locomotives, or whatever, without first having an opportunity to inspect them. Amtorg has arranged, within the last two years, for more than four hundred Communist executives and technicians to enter this country and confer with our financial and industrial leaders. There have been mishaps. One party of Russians, supposed to be empowered to purchase several steel mills, all complete, to take back home with them, was yanked off to Ellis Island by a suspicious and resolute U. S. Immigration Inspector. They were rescued just in time to be present at a lunch given in their honor at the Bankers Club, on top of the Equitable Building on lower Broadway.

Some of our visitors have been great swells of the Communist Party. Valery Ivan Meshlauk, vice-president of the

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LOADING CASINGS FOR EXPORT

Casings are what "hot dogs" are enclosed in. We buy $2,500,000 worth of them from the Soviets annually

All-Russian Supreme Economic Council, for instance, recently spent about three months, generally unnoticed, in this country. Another visitor has been M. V. Barinov, chairman of Aznelt, the Soviet Oil Trust. M. Barinov secured $2,000,000 worth of oil refining equipment here, on credit, from the Foster-Wheeler Corporation of New York, with promise of more to come.

At the present time, there are probably more than a hundred members of the Soviet Government, and its trusts and syndicates, here in the United States. They are, most of them, members of the Party. It is reported that these stern, puritanical Russians, with the consciousness of destiny upon them, have been scandalized at the goings-on of their American comrades at Greenwich Village parties and dances.

The Soviets, a few weeks back, announced their program for industrialization for the next five years. The most interesting thing about it, by all odds, was its political implications. Extremely briefly, they are these:

As long as Russia remains a primitive, hand-to-mouth, agricultural community, subject to recurrent famines, the Soviet regime remains the potential prey of enemies without, and counter-revolution within.

But with an industry adequate to supply Russia's needs—for a war, as well as in peace—the Communists would control a world power equalled only by the United States and the British Empire.

By their own figures, the Russians, in order to go ahead with their program, need during the coming five years from the outside world, goods—mostly machinery—"tools to make tools," costing $3,500,000,000. They were able to buy during the preceding five years less than two billions worth, probably considerably less. The total American-Russian business was about one half billion. Now undeveloped countries with great natural resources normally are developed by means of long-term credits extended by older, better organized communities. This was the way we were able to develop our own country. European bankers, especially the English and Dutch, were glad to accommodate any American who wanted to build a railroad or set up a mill. M. Bron says with emphasis that Americans must grant the Soviets long term credits. Otherwise, he hints, Russia will take her business elsewhere.

"There is first of all the problem of carrying on Soviet trade under conditions most closely approximating those prevailing in ordinary trade intercourse between nations," he said recently in a formal statement. "An expansion of Soviet-American trade cannot come. . . . unless the long-term credit foundation necessary for this expansion is broadened sufficiently to take care of the large increase in purchases planned by Soviet organizations in the next few years."

However, competent observers believe there is no country in the world which will extend long-term credits to Russia. No bankers anywhere are going to grant a long term loan unless they believe they can distribute it among the general investing public. Whether bonds of the Soviet regime, at present, offer a prudent investment, one fit for the hypothetical widow and orphan, anyone may judge for himself or herself. Diplomatic recognition by the United States, which, despite Senator Borah, does not seem very near, would increase confidence in Russia. But, in the opinion of most bankers, it would not be enough, by a great deal, to persuade investors to buy Russian securities.

The Communists have floated one external loan. It remains an unique and pathetic incident of international financing. The loan was specifically secured by the Russian railroads, and offered through German bankers. A similar loan of any other country would have had a fifty-year maturity, say, and an interest rate of perhaps four and a half per cent, very possibly less. The most liberal terms the Germans would agree upon were maturity in six years, interest at nine per cent. The Chase National Bank contemplated participation in this loan, it is reported, and was warned by our State Department to stay out.

One belief is so firmly held by certain shrewd American bankers, friendly to Russia, that it deserves mention. It is that some day the USSR is going to submit to a Dawes Plan, by which it receive long-term credits in consideration of some form of international control. It is difficult to imagine any sort of international control which would not force the abandonment, or at least the drastic modification, of revolutionary Communism.

It is not improbable, of course, that the day-to-day, prosaic business now going on will tend to soften the distrust and hatred which many Russians feel towards capitalist America, and which many Americans cordially reciprocate. Still, sitting in New York, it is easy to overestimate this influence. Whatever M. Trotsky may say, the bulk of M. Stalin's supporters are convinced, rather fanatical revolutionists. What M. Stalin would like to do is beside the point. To suggest giving the enemies

(Please Turn to Page 439)

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▶▶ Has the Specialist Failed? ◀◀

By LOGAN CLENDENING, M. D.

The author answers the question at the head of this article with a definite affirmative. It has failed, he says, not only because it is so expensive, but because the "whole idea of specialism is fundamentally unsound." Dr. Clendening has good words for the general practitioner and pertinent advice for all of us. He is professor of medicine at the University of Kansas and the author of "The Human Body"

SPECIALISM in medicine evolved to its present extreme degree quite gradually and naturally as the solution of a major problem of medical practice. That problem of course is the rapid development of knowledge which has occurred in many fields of medical science—development so intricate, it is claimed by the advocates of specialism, and fields so staggeringly numerous that no one man can hope to master every part of the now immense territory.

But signs are by no means wanting that specialism as a doctrine and as a practice has failed to meet the obligations it assumed or to satisfy the terms of the problem. Signs indeed indicate that specialism, in spite of its apparently flourishing state, is on the wane. Examples of such signs are the strident laments of laymen in the magazines on "the high cost of doctoring," the rapid growth of that movement which is super-specialism, the group clinic, as well as attempts to develop state medicine by the operation of the Shepard-Towner act, the activities of the Milbank foundation, and compromises between state medicine and private practice as exemplified in the Public Health Institute in Chicago.

Why has specialism failed? The answer is by no means simple. On the surface because its costs are too high. Even if its theoretical claims had been well taken—even if, in other words, ten specialists could accomplish ten times as much for a patient as a single good general practitioner—still as a system it would fail because the average sick person simply cannot afford to avail himself of its benefits because they cost too much.

But there is something beyond that. The whole idea of specialism is fundamentally unsound. By a system's fruits ye shall know it. What sort of men did specialism develop? A race of narrow, myopic, mercenary, self-centered, atrophic-minded egoists. Little men whose stature was petty from the beginning or they would not have chosen to spend their lives revolving in so narrow an orbit, then intensively trained to perform a few little manœuvers and to think in a narrow little groove, both of which requires a mental capacity far below that demanded of a journeyman plumber. Most specialists never learn to adjudicate the value of what they do either to the patient as a personality or to the whole body of society. These things are said more in sorrow than in anger. I was a specialist once myself. I was forced out of specialism by the very considerations I am about to recount.

I can illustrate the particular point I just made by one example. The point is that a specialist will go on year after year hammering away at his little line without ever inquiring about its complete effect on the patient. A surgeon was famous because of a certain operation he had devised. He did the operation with beautiful skill. He did it over and over again. It was his favorite operation. His statistics got up so that his first, second, third thousand operations of this particular kind had been performed. Then one day a statistician friend of his inquired: "Did you ever really scientifically examine the result of that operation? . . .

"Oh! I know," the statistician went on, "you can tell how many patients have actually died from the operation itself, you know how many said they were relieved when they left the hospital, but do you know the exact state of your patients ten years after the operations?" The surgeon allowed he would like to see the results of such an examination and turned his records—the names and addresses of all his former patients—over to the statistician.

WHAT THE STATISTICIAN found caused the surgeon to give up his favorite operation altogether. Forty per cent of the patients were unrelieved of the symptoms they had before operation, many had died two, three and four years afterwards as a direct result of the operation, and those who were better might very well have gotten that way in the course of nature without any operative interference at all. Notice how well this anecdote illustrates the statement I began with. The surgeon had become so hypnotized by the beauty of the special procedure, so delighted with his increasing skill in performing it that he entirely lost track of its effect on the future and the happiness of his patients.

The sequel is equally illuminating. When the surgeon was confronted with this astonishing record of failure, did he give up operating on patients with a disease which gets well on medical treatment, and from which almost no people ever die? Certainly not. He was a specialist. He devised another operation. He admitted this new operation killed one out of every six or seven people who submitted to it—people with a disease which has quite a satisfactory medical treatment, mind you—and is now merrily slicing and hacking away at it. And the most piquant portion of the narrative from any point of view is that the man who told me this story is a very intelligent layman, and after recounting this example of almost incredible and superhuman bungling, he calmly informs me that he has allowed a member of his family to undergo the revised operation at the hands of the man who had made all the original mistakes.

ALONG the same lines—to illustrate a habit of mind: a surgeon suggested to me that in some of my published writings the public should be warned of the dangers of a certain disease of the large bowel (perforation of a sigmoid diverticulum by a stercolith). I asked him how he would prevent such an accident. He said by operating on every one who had the disease before the fatal complication developed and removing the large bowel. I asked, "What do you think the mortality of that operation of removal of the bowel would be—fifteen per cent?" He said, "Not that high—maybe twelve per cent." I asked, "How many people who have the disease do you think would develop the complication—half of one per cent?" He said, "Oh! more than that—one per cent." In short, he was willing to kill twelve people to save one.

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This blind inability to see the whole patient and his future, while fascinatedly probing into some special part of him, is however not the exclusive prerogative of surgeons. I saw this year one of the finest physicians in the United States present a patient to a group of his fellow practitioners. I emphasize this to indicate that the views I am here presenting are being conscientiously discussed in the inner circles of the profession—that what I am saying is not the result of radical and lonely disaffection on my part.

THE PATIENT had been complaining for ten years. She sat before this group of practitioners with her attending physician and the following colloquy took place:

"When you came to me six months ago, what was the matter?"

"Stomach trouble."

"But you had something else before that, didn't you?"

"Yes—colon trouble, then before that, pelvic symptoms, then my nose bothered me before that—I had some of all these things when I came to you, but my principal trouble was in the stomach."

"Do you remember what you had at first?"

"Yes—fatigue and afternoon fever and sweating."

"How many physicians did you consult during the period of your illness?"

"Oh! it's hard to remember—between twenty and thirty."

"Were they all good men—or did you go around among irregular practitioners much?"

"All but three were graduates of Harvard Medical School or Johns Hopkins Medical School—one out West was a graduate of Rush Medical School."

"How many operations did you have in this time?"

"Counting teeth pulling and operations on the nose—seven. Appendix out, tonsils out, ventro-suspension, etc."

"Did you get much relief from these?"

"So far as I can see, none of them did me any good at all."

"How many X-rays of your chest were made?"

"About thirty."

"Why did you have so many taken?"

"Well, they all thought my fever meant tuberculosis and when I said I already had an X-ray of my chest, they would say that they wanted a very accurate one and didn't trust the others —so a new one was made."

"How many metabolic rates were measured on you?"

"Twelve, I think."

"What did they show?"

"They were all normal. But every time I told a doctor that, he would say they had not been done accurately and wanted another."

"Did anything else happen to you during this period?"

"Yes—I was sent to a sanitarium for tuberculosis for a year. I was advised I could never live at sea level on account of my nose."

"What did I do when you first came to me for advice?"

"You talked to me for over two hours." (Please ponder that.)

"What do you think has been the matter with you?"

"Fear—which started after the influenza epidemic when my sister died."

"The other doctors did not seem to think your sister's death had any significance, I take it."

"None of them asked me about it—they were too busy doing things to me that lay in their own special fields."

I don't believe that dialogue needs any comment. But I submit that it substantiates my point that the specialist is likely to see only that part of a patient which comes in his line and to miss the whole human problem.

The other charge to be laid at the door of excessive specialism is that it costs more than it is worth. The whole justification of specialism lies in its claim (avowed or implied) that the specialist knows more about a certain field of practice than the general practitioner, and he can therefore be more helpful to the patient who has trouble in his special field. The further corollary is that he is entitled to charge more.

LET US examine these proposals. First, has the specialist so much more skill that he is able to do the patient a great deal more good than the general practitioner? Sometimes. There are legitimate specialists and legitimate specialties. The oculist, for instance, can usually handle a disease of the eye more skilfully than a general practitioner. His value, like the value of any physician, however, depends on the degree of close personal contact he maintains with his patient.

Then occasionally—oh! very occasionally—a man arises who has such skill and interest in a special field that he makes himself and his services superiorily valuable. I instance a man I do not know personally and whom I possibly will embarrass by this reference—Chevalier Jackson of Philadelphia. He has developed a very narrow field—the extraction of foreign bodies from the bronchial tubes and lungs. But so skilfully has he learned to do it that it is quite justifiable for the profession to set him in a place apart.

BUT THE MAN I am thinking of—the typical fruit of specialism—falls into neither of those categories. He is likely to decide while still in medical school to be a specialist. He probably hears some specialist member of the faculty get off the old stock crack that medicine has now become so complex that no one man can cover the entire field. He makes his decision because he thinks there is more money in specialism, not because he has any call to do a special line of work or has demonstrated any aptitude for it. Not indeed even because he thinks the field he picks out has been or could be developed to the point where it would do a great deal of good for his fellow creatures. No, the grounds of his choice are likely to be to select a specialty which won't keep him up nights and for the services of which he can charge large fees.

I have a particular experience with one of this class in mind. A patient of mine had attacks of neuralgia every fall. We did everything we could for him and in the course of time the pain and discomfort would disappear. One fall a mutual acquaintance said, "What's the matter with Gustave? I hear he's in the Blank hospital in such and such city and a specialist is looking after him. He has a day and a night nurse and they've tapped his sinuses and he's in a hell of a shape." It so happened that I went the next day on a trip which took me to the city where Gustave was incarcerated, and I went to the hospital to visit him. It was all true; he was in bed with a handsome damsel ministering to him, and at the sight of me he burst into a flood of manly and creditable tears.

Then he told me his story. It appeared that being in this city on business and complaining in a mild conversational way of the pain in his arm, the banker he was interviewing insisted that he consult an "arthritis" specialist of wide renown. He did so and the specialist had bundled him into the hospital, taken slothers of X-rays and performed other examinations (most of

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which had already been done and found negative). The verdict was that the specialist was going to brew a vaccine of which the patient was to have a hundred and fifty hypodermic injections for his arthritis. The victim wanted me to go with him to the specialist's office and evaluate this procedure.

I found a typical modern specialist's office. From general appearances I judged it had not been occupied very long. The rugs were thick. The furniture was tasty. My estimate of the total initial cost of the establishment was about $25,000. I also estimated the cost of upkeep: there were six women employed and rent, insurance and what not would come to not less than $2,000 a month. So this "specialist" had loaded himself up pretty well, to start with. Who was going to pay for it? His patients, of course. He really loaded up his patients for performing a thoroughly useless procedure, a procedure aimed at a disease that in most cases would get well anyway in the course of nature, with a little sensible general treatment. The only way he could extract his fees was to surround the procedure with a glamour of multitudinous examinations and extra fussing and care.

Not only does the specialist carry out redundant and unnecessary forms of treatment—he often does positive harm. You are always hearing about some poor general practitioner who neglected to do something for his patient—who did not carry out some procedure and thereby the diagnosis was missed, until the specialist came along. Unquestionably honest mistakes of omission frequently occur, and incidentally quite as often to the specialist as to the general practitioner. But mistakes of omission, while they tend to loom large in the patient's mind, are seldom serious. It is the mistakes of commission that are disastrous. And these are almost exclusively the prerogative of the specialist.

Take Emma. Emma had the backache. Emma came to consult a colleague of mine. His investigations disclosed that Emma nursed her invalid father. Her older brothers and sisters, who were married, paid the expenses of the establishment so they would not have to be bothered with the old man. Emma wanted to get married herself. She had no particular victim in mind. Unlike Mr. MacGowan and Dr. Hamilton, she just was attracted to the institution of matrimony. But her close confinement at her father's bedside interfered. So every so often she would get a backache and have to go on a vacation to get medical advice. My colleague put her in a hospital and treated her for a while with palliative measures and finally, after a glorious time going to dances with the nurses, she had to go home. The next time she took a vacation she went to another city and fell into the hands of a specialist. He made many tests. He decided she had a kidney stone, and performed an operation. He did not find the expected kidney stone, but he found an adhesion over the kidney from pelvis to upper pole. This he thought was the cause of the backache. Even the family practitioner down in the little country town where Emma lived knew this was nonsense, and laughed as he showed my colleague the letter. Now Emma has had a totally unnecessary operation, for which she paid $500, a scar which she thinks will prevent her from snaring a husband, and she still has the backache.

"But," says the average layman, "there must be necessity for special work to be done sometimes. Take the eye. You have just mentioned that as a legitimate specialty. And some kinds of surgical work. I would want an experienced man to perform a surgical operation on me if it became necessary. How is the average layman, unacquainted with the general spirit of medicine, to tell a good specialist from a faker?"

That is a perfectly proper question. And the answer is so simple that a five-year-old child should be able to explain it. Employ a family medical adviser. Pay him, if you like, a decent annual honorarium to advise you whether you need a specialist for yourself. If he thinks you do, get him to select the proper one—one who is honest and capable. He will know the good specialists in your community. This is a modern version of the Chinese method of paying a physician while you are well. If the general practitioner can treat the trouble you happen to have—and in 95% of the time he can far better than a specialist—by all means have him treat it and pay him for these services.

This scheme of employing a family medical adviser yearly will not only save you thousands of dollars by preventing you from having useless surgical operations and other procedures, but will be far better for your health than running around haphazard to every specialist you hear about.

In fact, my solution of the specialist evil is to return to the general practitioner.

When one comes to face the solution of the medical problems of today, especially the specialism evil, several suggestions are at hand. Nobody, of course, can predict what direction the development is going to take. There will always be a certain amount of specialism, especially in larger cities. Some students are of the opinion that group clinics—the association of ten or fifteen men each practicing a specialty in a partnership—will supplant the specialist and the general practitioner. It is extremely doubtful, however, if group clinics can give adequate service to any considerable proportion of the sick public. In general they appear to magnify the evils of the specialist without compensating by furnishing any advantage. Others advocate state medicine—it is being tried in such forms as the Milbank Demonstration in Cattaraugus County, New York, and the operation of the Shepard-Towner Act. Its operation has resulted in unbelievably hopeless disaster. The establishment of state medicine in America is almost unthinkable. It would result, I hope, in a revolution in which the practitioners of state medicine would probably be boiled in oil. They would richly deserve it and personally I promise not to lift a finger to prevent the holocaust.

But, you say, there are no general practitioners any more. I know that report is very widely circulated but it does not happen to be true. The question came up in a discussion among some medical colleagues of mine and we began to name over the men in our city who were doing general practice. We had a list of twenty or more general practitioners in less than two minutes. Nor were they simply old-timers who had hung on to a vanishing custom. Most of them were young or in the prime of life and the graduates of the very best medical schools in the country. Not only that, but it was noted with some sorrow by my specialist friends that these general practitioners were always busy and were probably doing three-quarters of the medical work in my community. They were certainly doing the most valuable part

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High Hopes Along the Rhine

By T. R. YBARRA

On the Rhine.

SMILES light up the faces of the Rhinelanders nowadays. They smile as they go about their affairs in every city, town and village on their famous river; they smile as they navigate the big steamboats conveying foreign tourists over the waters of the loveliest of European streams. For the word has gone forth that the evacuation of the Rhineland by French, British and Belgian troops is to come very soon—in a few weeks, maybe. The conviction has arisen in the minds of thousands of Rhinelanders that, long before the year 1935, the time-limit set in the Versailles Treaty for the stay of the foreign soldiers, the last soldiers of them will have marched away from the Rhine towns which they have been garrisoning for ten years and that no flag but that of Germany will fly henceforth on the banks of the great river.

Ask a Rhinelander when the foreigners are going away and he will doubtless reply: "Soon—very soon." Press him for something more definite and he may tell you: "Next September,"—or, (if successive postponements of the evacuation have taught him caution) he may prefer to say: "Before the end of the year." But, if you object: "May not they stay, after all, until 1935?" he will shake his head with the greatest vigor, wave his arms in excited gesticulation, insist most emphatically that, Versailles or no Versailles, the idea of a Rhineland in 1935 still garrisoned by "poilus" and "Tommies" is beyond all imagining.

"Until next Autumn, perhaps—until Christmas, who knows?—but until 1935?—*nein, nein, nein!*"

In the meantime, while the Rhinelanders smile their satisfied smiles and dream of a Rhineland bereft of foreign soldiery, the Rhineland remains very much under foreign occupation.

To be sure, the outward signs of this occupation are not at all what they were in the first post-war years. Then you could not be on the Rhine an hour without realizing that it was under the rule not of Germany but of the victors in the Great War. In Cologne, British sentries—sometimes Scotchmen in their kilts—paced up and down before the leading hotel of the city, turned into British headquarters. Signs in English were everywhere—one, especially conspicuous, told Tommy Atkins exactly what to do in case trouble broke out. At Coblenz hundreds of American soldiers strolled about the streets and the Stars and Stripes flew proudly over the frowning fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, dominating the turbid waters of the great stream as they swept under the bridges of the town far below. That American army officers and not a German burgomaster were in charge at Coblenz became apparent in those days within five minutes of a visitor's arrival. I remember particularly a sign on the wall of a Coblenz barber shop: "By order of the General Commanding the American Troops of Occupation, the prices in this shop are as follows—" whereupon one read the number of pfennigs which that august personage from overseas deemed the right price for a shave, hair cut, shampoo, etc. And, on a road outside Coblenz, embowered in typically German forest scenery, fringed by dwellings most Teutonic in appearance, one read, on a most aggressive-looking signboard: "By order of the General Commanding the American Troops of Occupation—Keep to the right!"

Well, English and Scots have vanished from Cologne, Americans long ago turned their backs on Ehrenbreitstein and Coblenz, but French and Belgians and a few Britons still keep some of the outward signs of occupation before the eyes of the Rhinelanders.

Around Aix-la-Chapelle the tasseled caps of Belgium's soldiers are much in evidence; around Bingen a lone "Tommy" may still be seen, wandering along the banks of the Rhine with an apologetic sort of air, as if he didn't know why he was there and wished you would tell him. Instead of Americans, Frenchmen in horizon blue garb idle along the river-front at Coblenz, cigarettes drooping, in the true French manner, from the corners of their mouths.

Mainz (or Mayence, as it is called in French) is the place where the foreign occupation of the Rhineland most strikes the eye. There the French keep quite a big garrison, so big that horizon blue is a commonplace in the landscape. From the earliest days of the occupation, in November 1918, Mayence has been the main headquarters of France's forces on the Rhine. Ever since the first "poilu" marched into the city immediately after the collapse of Imperial Germany's armies, Mayence has resounded to the thud of French military boots and the clear notes of French clarions.

French flags are everywhere. French supply-wagons go lumbering along the streets, driven by French soldiers. French officers nattily uniformed, walk briskly to and from their barracks, or swing along the platforms of the railway station, having just alighted from the Paris train, with orderlies in horizon blue respectfully carrying their luggage. Yes, Mayence is very much an occupied city. German policemen, with moustachios upturned à la Wilhelm Hohenzollern, despotically stop and start the city's traffic, but, for all their fierceness, one cannot help realizing that the raising of one French finger would make those policemen wilt into humility—nay, maybe even cause those splendid moustachios to droop *downward!*

However, it is only at Mayence and Coblenz that the signs of foreign occupation really recall those first post-war years, when foreign soldiers seemed almost to outnumber native civilians, when bloody fights were fought between Separatists, who wished to break away from Germany, and Rhinelanders who had no use for secession. Elsewhere, along the Rhine, all looks so peaceful and Teutonic that it is difficult to remember that the banks are still under French or Belgian or British control. For instance, there used to be signs on the Rhine steamboats cautioning passengers not to sing German patriotic songs. Yesterday when I came up the Rhine, I searched high and low on the boat conveying me, for any such warning. In vain. It had been taken down. The Rhinelanders don't get excited any more in public at the thought of the foreign occupation.

"After all," say the Rhinelanders, with a shrug of their shoulders, "we lost the war, didn't we?" And they go about their business quietly and resignedly and philosophically—that is, until you hint that the "poilus" and "Tommies" and Belgians may stay on the Rhine until 1935. Then . . . well, strong language in Germany can be very strong indeed!

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Town Gossip

A Portrait of Walter Winchell

By HARRY SALPETER

Life in New York may lack some of the advantages of smaller places, but it does not lack a town gossip. The subject of this portrait, says Mr. Salpeter, "is the greatest town gossip in the greatest town in the world." He is, in addition, an ingenious deviser of new words; of which "whoopee", at least, seems likely to engage the attentions of the dictionary makers. Mr. Salpeter is the author of a forthcoming biography of Dr. Samuel Johnson

IT is possible that for some part of the day Walter Winchell lives his own, his private, life. The burden of proof is to the contrary. Walter Winchell is not, pre-eminently, a man. Walter Winchell is a quality. He is the most successful quintessence of the type known as New Yorker, or, even more narrowly, Broadwayite. He is one of those rare persons who find in one narrow artery of a crowded city and in several of its cross streets all that life can demand and desire. For Walter Winchell, Broadway is food, shelter, drink, workshop, theatre, home, a trans-Atlantic liner, mountain lake and seashore. He needs neither sun nor moon; he works and plays in the artificial glare of Broadway.

He arises at six in the evening and retires several hours after the following dawn. During that period he attends the opening of a show, interviews dozens of show people, visits a row of night clubs, picks up odds and ends of gossip, confidences, gags, tips. He has made himself the greatest repository of gossip in New York. And when the best of the personalia he has garnered in a week's work have made their appearance in the Monday column which used to animate that lurid tabloid newspaper "The Graphic," and now refresh that other tabloid, "The Mirror," then we become aware that Broadway is no more sophisticated than any one of the several thousands of villages in the vast hinterland that people like Walter Winchell do their best not to visit. Walter Winchell has made New York village-conscious. New York is a village and villagers are the inhabitants thereof. He is the greatest town gossip in the greatest town in the world. The universality of the instinct to which he panders is attested to by the fact that 200 papers outside of New York weekly reprint a column which is full of gossip about provincial New Yorkers, and that "The Graphic," the paper in which Winchell made his reputation, credited him with 75,000 of its daily average circulation of 350,000, for while his famous gossip column appeared only on Monday, as daily columnist, dramatic reviewer and editor, he was represented every day in the week. For this army of readers Walter Winchell is the licensed Night Owl, the ballyhoo guide on the private rubber-neck wagon which he operates up and down Broadway, from 6 o'clock in the evening until the following dawn. And because, unlike the village fishwife, he must print his gossip, he has devised and given currency to a euphemistic language that sometimes elaborately suggests the things that are to be conveyed. And while the great newspapers print on their front pages the latest developments on such vital issues as the farm debentures bill and the reparations questions, metropolitan villagers turn to the inside pages of some cheap tabloid to find out what man is running around with what woman, which couple is about to agree to a separation, what distinguished member of Broadway society is Reno-bound, or Paris-bound, in quest of a divorce; which homes are anticipating blessed events—namely, births—which chorus girls have been receiving gifts of jewelry and from whom, and other odds and ends of private gossip such as respectable newspapers do not print. It isn't news, and yet it's so vital that thousands read it, from coast to coast. One of the charms of his column—and it has charms—is that it is so prodigally jammed with news, that if his material were conventionally exploited, as conventional news is written, one of Walter Winchell's columns would equal, in news content, sixteen newspaper columns.

Often he cannot say precisely what he wishes to convey. His slanguage therefore, is the child of the necessity for dodging euphemism. He can hint at what he knows. And it is the combination of the news he wishes to convey and the means he has popularized for its conveyance that explain the special charm and vogue of Walter Winchell. His slanguage, by the way, is not fixed, but shifts. He will devise a new phrase and discard an old one. Until the recent marriage of the moving picture actor, John Gilbert, who used to be paired, on the screen, with Greta Garbo, Winchell's method of suggesting that two persons of the opposite sex were in love with one another was to say that they were Garbo-Gilberting. His slanguage is governed by the life and habits and knowledge of Broadway, and although a glossary may be required by the beginner in Winchelliana, it is so definitely governed by his context that after several weeks the stranger to his columns can become acquainted with his general drift without much help. His slanguage, however, does not continue fresh long after the expiration of the news which conveyed it. Once one has become acquainted with its general character, there is nothing quite so stale as an old Winchell gossip column; by the same token, however, there is nothing quite so fresh as a new Winchell column.

I SHALL TAKE his latest, therefore, because it is his freshest, to indicate his charm of style and his industry as a gatherer and presenter of fresh news. Winchell wants to be taken seriously as an innovator in the American language, but his Americanese would not have carried him far had he not had news to tell, and been the first to tell it.

In one brief paragraph we are informed of the latest stages in the love life of half a dozen pairs of celebrities. Beginning with his second sentence, he informs us: "The Adele Astaire-Wm. Gaunt, jr., romance has curdled. . . . Ted and Betty Healy have reconciled. . . . Altho it will be vigorously denied, Doug Fairbanks retires after his next phlicker. . . . Hollerwood now has more blackmailers than Newyork. . . . Because Mrs. Thaw (always the only opposition) died before Harry, Evelyn Nesbit's son Russell will inherit the playboy's coin. . . . Dolly Bernard, once Tommy Guinan's "heart," is

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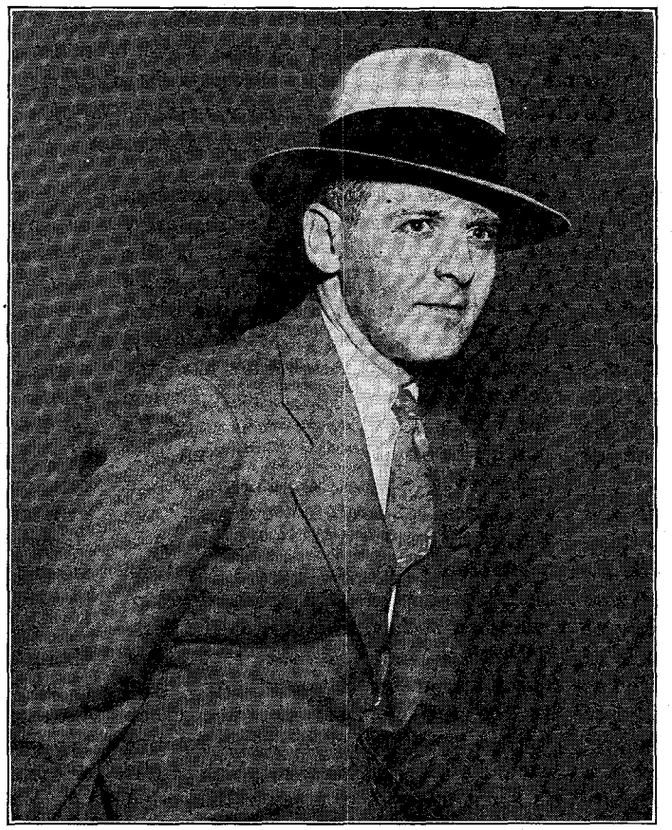
gravely ill at Mt. Sinai hosp. . . . The Lucien Arthur Jones have parted. . . . Frances Alda's new b.f. is a phamous phinancier. . . . The local cop's new hats are bought at Wanamaker's, the police commissioner's former alma mater."

When Winchell informs us that a romance has curdled, we are to understand by that phrase that there has been a separation, not necessarily legal. Winchell's fondness for inverted phonetic spellings is to be seen in his use of phlicker for moving picture, and of phamous phinancier. On the other hand, he can be as phonetic as the maker of a new language, especially when he writes moom pitcher, and phfft! which last is a more definite expression for curdled. The contraction b.f. refers, of course, to boy friend, which may mean anything and everything, but usually suggests more than the literal interpretation. He throws away in a phrase news that would make big first page stories in the yellows. It is news that Douglas Fairbanks is retiring; it is news that Evelyn Nesbit's child is to inherit part of the Thaw fortune, and it is news, although to a slighter degree, that the new caps being worn by policemen have been ordered from the store of which Commissioner Whalen was general manager.



Walter Winchell has made New York village-conscious

Let us continue our examination of this same column.

"Marguerite Namara's husband's real tag is Loeb, which was shelved for Lord, because the murderer Loeb is a cousin." Tag means name; shelved means discarded. "Kip Rhinelander's pappy was color guard in the 7th Regt. . . . The Shannon Cormacks have phfft! . . . . The Chaz (Elsie Kent) Morrisons anticipate a blessed event. . . . Although Dennis King told recent interviewers he was only 28, how is it his dotter just graduated from a snooty gel's finishing school?"

The allusion to Kip Rhinelander's father has comic point only to those who are aware of that young man's scandalous affair with a negress. The blessed event refers of course to pregnancy. "Dotter" is a phonetic rendering, as is gel. Winchell's columns give their readers the sense of being informed by an insider, a sense particularly satisfying to provincials. One derives that sense of satisfaction after reading that Al Smith will never forgive George McLaughlin for Warder, which means that the appointment of the state banking commissioner whose name has been so badly soiled in the bankruptcy of the City Trust Company must have been urged on Smith by McLaughlin. The information that a colored revue was postponed to give some of the chorus women time to remove their gold teeth is interesting, if not important. We like to know also that "Jersey City is the scene of the largest bar in the U. S. which is approached via a phone booth, not more than five minutes from Mayor Hague's desk," that "Herbert Bayard Swope is considering Eugene Greenhut's offer to head a consolidation of 40 daily newspapers," that "Anna Chandler of vaudeville, who is also a grandmother, had her pan lifted again, and looks just as good as Baby Peggy—Joyce!" and that "Para paid Havelock Ellis, the famous sexpert, $10,000 for the use of his title: 'The Dance of Life.'" Para is of course a contraction for Paramount. "And do you know," continues Winchell, "for what picture it will be used? 'Burlesque,' you dopes!" His questions are usually more tantalizing than rhetorical, as when he asks: "What ex-Tammany leader is dying—and why?" or : "What phlicker phirm is headed for disaster, because a brother of the owner walked off with most of the coin?" or "How does that certain book-publishing firm operate when all the execs are usually oiled?" Walter Winchell may justly refer to himself, in that special lingo of his, as an informaniac, although one who is becoming at least a little self-conscious about his rôle, the applause and the coin.

Probably the most successful newspaperman in New York, Winchell is one of the least educated men of those who write for a living. We probably owe his contribution to Americanese to the fact that he has felt compelled to express himself in some other than the conventional manner. He tells me that his style of writing constitutes a protective device against his sense of inferiority as an illiterate. His native sense of style protects him, however, from the pitfalls of English grammar. Born in New York in April, 1897, he attended Public School 184, where he rose no higher than the 6B grade, when he was thirteen. His native wit and native sense of self-exploitation have served him ever since. With George Jessel, Eddie Cantor and a third East Side boy, he sang tenor in a quartette in one of the earliest nickelodeon movie houses, the Imperial Theatre, 116th Street east of Lenox Avenue, now known as the Regun Theatre. In September, 1910, the three of them were signed up by Gus Edwards, the vaudeville impresario, and performed as part of a Newsboy's Sextet at the Hudson Theatre in the small town of Union Hill, N. J. He worked for two years with Edwards, earning about $15 a week as a performer and an additional $10 as assistant manager of the show. In 1916 he went out on his own, appearing with a girl under the name of Winchell & Greene. At the outbreak of the war he enlisted in the navy, returning to vaudeville on his release. He had no luck in the East, but Chicago

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was more hospitable. There he stopped the show, by the George M. Cohan device of singing a song that it would have been treasonable not to applaud. The song, dance and patter team of Winchell & Greene obtained a two-years' booking on the Pantages Circuit, which covers the Northwest and the California coast. It was during that tour that the newspaperman's impulse showed its first buds in Walter Winchell.

He typewrote his own gossip newspaper and pasted it up near the mailbox, composing two editions daily, one at 6 in the evening, the other at 2 or 3 in the morning. He called it "The Daily News Sense," which became phonetically rendered as "The Daily Nuisance." The information contained in it was of the latest and presaged the contents of the present column, "On Broadway." Mr. Winchell would coyly inquire: "What was Eddie doing up in Mabel's room at 3 o'clock this morning?" or "Hasn't Harry got a girl in Calgary?" One of the theatre managers sent a copy of Mr. Winchell's "News Sense" to Glenn Condon, managing editor of the Vaudeville News, who published a facsimile of it and gave Winchell his first favorable press notice. Winchell became West Coast correspondent of the "Vaudeville News," without remuneration.

On his return to New York Winchell asked Condon for a job. From the $100 he was receiving weekly he managed to save $50. He accepted a job at $25 a week and by the device of drawing an equal amount from his savings he contrived to get along. But he discovered that by soliciting advertising he could make many more times than $25 a week and much more than his employer was earning.

After four years he was being quoted for his snappy comment. Upon the organization of "The Graphic," Fulton Oursler commended him to Macfadden. He was made columnist, dramatic editor and critic, at $100 a week. By the terms of a second contract his pay was raised to $165, and by the terms of a third, to $300.

The origin of the Monday column was due largely to accident, the unwillingness of a city editor to credit one of Winchell's tips. About two and a half years after he had started work, he told the city editor that Frank Tinney and Imogene Wilson, about whose private life there had been much public scandal, were to be reconciled. The city editor refused to credit the story for lack of proof and Winchell had the dubious satisfaction of seeing the story in print a week or more later in some other paper. He thereupon decided to use the gossip which he heard around town in his own way and under his own name and thus did Winchell's famous column originate. For it is, as columns go, famous. It is read by thousands; all Broadway, and especially vaudevillians, devour it and quote it. It contains news weeks before it becomes "news" and is reported in a language which is native to Broadway. He is quoted, parodied, imitated. Since the emergence of Walter Winchell, every news and feature syndicate in New York sends out to provincial newspapers Broadway columns, many of them closely modelled on his. Although these columns were part of the "service" rendered by the larger newspaper wire syndicates before the flowering of Winchell, the success of his column has bestowed a kind of secondary success on other Broadway and "feature" columns. Book reviews, interviews, dramatic notes, personality paragraphs are now part of the weekly budget of material sent out from New York. Winchell's column is reprinted in approximately 200 newspapers, and that which O. O. McIntyre writes is used by approximately 180 papers. Winchell has done his share, as a good Broadwayite, in making the rest of the country conscious of that most colorful village in the world, mazda lane, or the main stem, or orange juice gulch.

His acquaintance with gangsters and the knowledge derived therefrom was one of the causes of friction between Winchell and "The Graphic." His employer asserted that he—Winchell—knew who killed Rothstein, and wouldn't tell. Winchell is non-committal. He knew two days in advance that a certain gangster was to be shot down, but wisely kept his counsel. There are certain members of a gang in the forties who are incredulous when they see their leader talking confidentially with Winchell, a reporter—and newspapermen have always been ranked by gangsters as coppers and stool pigeons. And although Winchell is one of the best reporters on Broadway, he is a Broadwayite first and a reporter afterwards. He attended the famous bath-tub party for which Earl Carroll served a year in Atlanta and when put on the stand gave a rather hazy account of the proceedings. His paper felt wroth with him for his refusal to make copy out of his knowledge. But, said Winchell, in effect: "If I had testified against Carroll and they had sent him up on my testimony, I couldn't be walking up Broadway without having everybody pointing at me and saying, 'There's the guy that sent Earl Carroll to jail.'" By no means. Winchell must be loyal to Broadway. During our brief walk up that thoroughfare, the numerous greetings he received were testimony that Broadway knows Winchell and envies him his racket.

On the day on which we met for our talk he had signed his contract with "The Mirror," an *ad interim* contract between his release from "The Graphic" and his engagement, in 1931, by "The New York Evening Journal." Winchell was jubilant. He was to receive $500 a week and a 50 per cent gross on the income received from papers reprinting his columns. This will increase his weekly pay by at least another $250. Praise, flattery, publicity, imitation, parody and mimickry are all right in their way, and vanity requires some food, but $500 a week plus is something to lean against; it is a large thick umbrella for a rainy day, a wide-spread awning when the sun beats down with too much intensity. He carries about with him a clipping from "Vanity Fair" in which his column is praised as the bulletin board of the cognoscenti. "And the best thing about that," says Winchell, "is that it rated me a raise."

Although you would suppose that Walter Winchell is settled, fixed, he betrays in a hundred ways the fear and the anxiety of the newcomer, of the *arriviste*. He is still sensitive about ridicule. He is taut and self-conscious of his rôle all the time. He cannot relax. He seems to be eternally vigilant, fearful of missing something. He seems to have no privacy, no retreat to which the human being Walter Winchell can sometimes find shelter. He is constantly betraying a nervous, horrible fear of losing his punch, of being discarded as a vogue. He spends his vacations on Broadway. During his vaudeville tour in the West he spent some time in California, but he spent no time seeing an orange grove, or watching a sunset, or taking a boat ride in San Francisco Bay. He has the dead pallor of the sunless.

(Please Turn to Page 438)

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The Trend of Events

Sad Days for Red-Hunters

THE MARKET for xploiters of the so-called "Red menace" looks right poorly. For a decade it lasted, and the fantasies of promoters and buyers were responsible for many curious crusades. The list of Red-baitings, beginning with the ousting of five Socialists from the New York Legislature in 1920, is long and lugubrious.

Such a Don Quixote as Fred R. Marvin of the Key Men of America, who at one time numbered large business organizations and patriotic bodies among his clientele, is authority for the admission that the once-popular and profitable rallying cry of "The Reds are coming" begins to lose its appeal. In a recent issue of his Data Sheets, "dealing with radical and subversive movements," he serves notice on subscribers that, "owing to a lack of financial support," the Sheets must be discontinued. Unexpired subscriptions will entitle holders to "The Coalitionist," bulletin of the "American Coalition." Rather wistfully, however, Mr. Marvin informs his clients that this is "in no sense the successor of the Key Men of America."

Other patriots carry on only under difficulties. At Washington a clique of Republicans have inaugurated a movement to put down "destructive radicalism." In a widely-distributed circular Representative Murphy of Ohio, an Anti-Saloon League dry, has appealed for "$10 a quarter for eleven quarters" to be used in subscription to the "National Republic" and in the "anti-Red drive." "The President is doing his part splendidly," wrote Mr. Murphy. But the President did not care to have his name linked with the project and said so with sufficient firmness to deflate the appeal. Senator Watson of Indiana and Dr. Hubert Work, G. O. P. chairman, also repudiated use of their names as sponsors of "the movement to fight radicalism wherever it appears." Their repudiations, it should be noted, came after a decidedly unfavorable reaction from press and public.

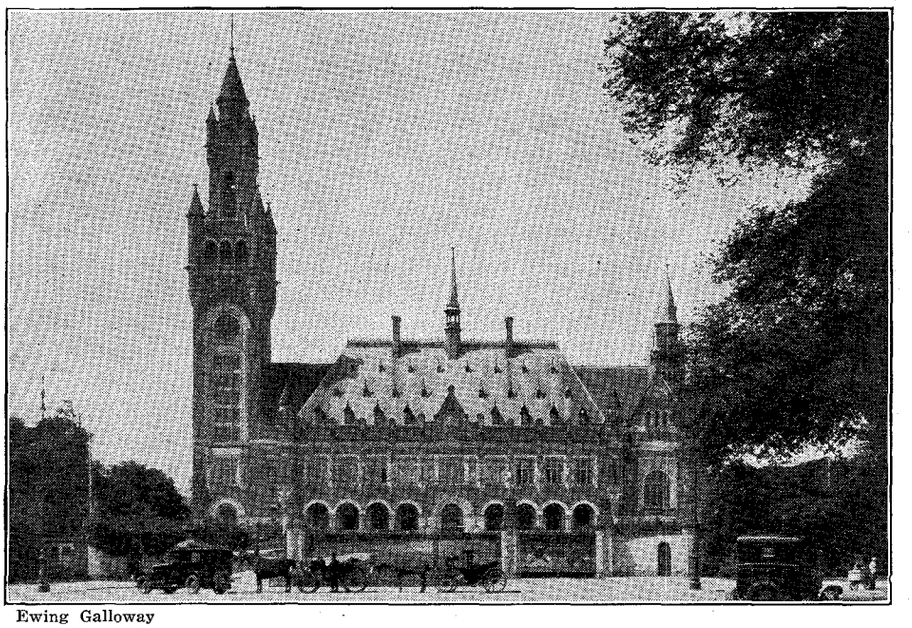
After Sarajevo

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, on June 28, 1914, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary, was assassinated in Sarajevo. The world is still repairing the damage of the resultant explosion. In Sarajevo itself the occurrence was celebrated as the first step toward Jugoslavian independence, and the assassins were honored as martyrs to the cause of national freedom.

Elsewhere the event is remembered largely as an incentive to prevent such a war from recurring. With Japan's ratification of the Kellogg war-renouncing treaty, one of the most pretentious efforts to this end is virtually completed. Approved by all the original signers, it now becomes the law of nations. To it most of the countries of the world have adhered or declared their intention of adhering.

Broadened to include Japan, France, and Italy as well as the United States and Great Britain, the naval disarmament negotiations represent another ambitious endeavor to discourage war. Greatly expectant, public opinion on both sides of the Atlantic may be sharply disappointed at anything less than sweeping results. Yet the essential purpose of the negotiations will be achieved if an understanding on disarmament is reached between the United States and Great Britain alone.

Possibly the task of averting future war has been made somewhat easier by the gradual settlement of the last one. The ratification of the Young plan by European nations will go far toward removing reparations as a cause for controversy, although the debts owed the United States remain an international irritant. The announcement of Secretary of State Stimson that the United States will not be officially represented on the directorate of the reparations bank confirms the Administration's intention to go on regarding the debts and reparations as unrelated matters. Inasmuch as Europe still refuses to consider the debt settlements final, even now an end has not been written to the long chapter begun at Sarajevo.



Ewing Galloway

WORLD COURTHOUSE

The building at The Hague which houses the Permanent Court of International Justice

Since Versailles

TEN YEARS AGO, on June 28, 1919, the Treaty of Versailles was signed in the stately Hall of Mirrors. Europe is still facing the problem of its application. In Germany, the anniversary was a day of mourning over and protest against the treaty's terms.

Elsewhere the day was marked by continued efforts to remove grievances against which Germany not unreasonably complains. The charge of war guilt brought against Germany by the treaty has not been and probably will not be formally withdrawn; yet nations as well as individuals increasingly act upon the assumption that it is unjust.

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Under the Young plan, Germany's reparations payments have been placed upon an economic rather than a moral basis. France, seconded by Great Britain, prepares to withdraw the troops from the Rhineland, where they have been since the war and where under the treaty they are entitled to remain until 1935.

Their marching in partly fulfilled Marshal Foch's dream of extending French control to the left bank of the Rhine; their marching out will virtually mark the end of the military phase of the war. Under no other condition than their withdrawal is Germany likely to accept the Young plan. This remains a cardinal German policy, italicized by Foreign Minister Stresemann in his speech recommending the Young plan to the Reichstag. The civilian commission proposed as a substitute for the troops by the wily Briand, French Foreign Minister, is unacceptable to Germany.

Together with complete sovereignty in the Rhineland, Germany asks for the evacuation of the Saar, where coal mines are controlled by France to compensate for French mines destroyed by German armies. An economic rather than a political occupation, the French control of the Saar, with which Britain is more sympathetic, is likely to be prolonged. The ultimate destiny of the region will be determined by a plebescite, for which Germany, almost certain of a favorable outcome, can afford to wait. As to Alsace-Lorraine, once warmly disputed by Germany and France, there is now no question. The willingness of the French Government to grant amnesty to secessionists there indicates confidence that these provinces will remain French.

After ten years the Treaty of Versailles is undergoing steady modification, not formally in accordance with the provision written into it for the purpose, but informally under the pressure of unavoidable economic and political realities.

▸▸*Court to Gain Power*

IF THE TREATY itself no longer commands complete confidence, an institution established under it steadily gains in international prestige. Acceptance of the "optional clause" in the statute, or Constitution, of the World Court is certainly not the least important foreign policy of the British Labor Government. As written in 1920, the statute would have compelled, not merely permitted, nations signing it to submit disputes to the Court for settlement. Great Britain, Italy, France, and Japan promptly balked, loath to be hauled into court by minor powers which might make out cases harder to beat than their puny armies and navies. Revised, the statute permitted signatories to accept or reject that provision giving the Court compulsory jurisdiction over legal disputes involving interpretations of treaties, questions of international law, the existence of facts which might constitute breaches of international obligations, and the reparation to be made for such breaches.

GROUND FOR CONTROVERSY

Territory which has long been in dispute between France and Germany

Popular with small nations, this clause has been ratified by none of the larger powers except Germany, though France and Japan have lately thought some of going in for it. Imagine an ordinary court able to compel the appearance of no prominent defendant and you understand the status of the World Court.

If the Labor Government, despite its minority position in Parliament, could win British endorsement for the optional clause, the Court would immediately gain strength. In such case, France, Japan, and Italy might eventually endorse the clause also. As for the United States—luckily the Court does not depend for its power on the United States. Before we can enter the Court, the Root compromise plan, designed to shove us over the threshold, must be adopted by the League Assembly, the members of the Court, and—Heaven help it!—the United States Senate. Even then we can use the Court only after special or general agreements have been arranged with the other nations concerned and ratified by the Senate.

The compulsory-jurisdiction clause deserves American approval. To propose that now, however, might frighten the Senate into rejecting the Court statute even without the clause in question. This despite the fact that the father of the clause is an American, Elihu Root, and the equally incongruous fact that the essential principle of the clause has been piously advocated by American statesmen for the past thirty years.

▸▸*Dawes as Innovator*

"HAVE A PIPEFUL, Mr. Windsor?"

"Thank you kindly, Mr. Dawes."

So saying, the Prince of Wales and the new American Ambassador lit up. It was a public dinner, with the Prince as chairman and Mr. Dawes as guest of honor. Immediately pipes appeared from the tail pockets of dress coats in all parts of the hall. Matches sputtered, bowls glowed, and the Ambassador, apostle of disarmament and the underslung pipe, was a social success.

Nor has Mr. Dawes stopped here with style-setting. He has appeared at court wearing simple American evening dress instead of the customary silk knee-breeches. Furthermore, he has announced that no liquor will be served at the Embassy in London while he is host.

All this is interesting, and in character. The matter of serving liquor, we should say, rests between Mr. Dawes and his best judgment; the matter of wearing knee breeches, between Mr. Dawes and his looking-glass. But in the matter of disarmament the Ambassador, so far, has showed less tendency toward innovation. However vigorous may have been his actions behind the scenes, for the most part his public statements have been both colorless and undistinguished.

True, according to Secretary of State Stimson, his official dispatches to the

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State Department have displayed the anticipated Hell an' Maria candor; it is possible that, as the restraining influence of the public wears off, the General's speeches will gather authority and momentum. It would be too bad if the high lights of his diplomatic career were to be hidden in State Department archives and left for the delectation of historians.

▶▶*What Price Affection?*

THAT WOMEN ever were so innocent of the world's wicked ways as statutes permitting them to sue for breach of promise seem to assume is unlikely. Even in Victorian times, W. S. Gilbert, himself a lawyer, effectively satirized these suits in "Trial by Jury." Sang Angela:

> Oh see what a blessing, what love and caressing
> I've lost, and remember it pray,
> When you I'm addressing are busy assessing
> The damages Edwin must pay.

The subject again comes to the fore through the action brought in Connecticut courts by Mrs. Katherine King Fogarty, who demands $500,000 on the ground that Gene Tunny failed to carry out a promise to marry her. A counter action brought by Mr. Tunney, now in Italy on a protracted honeymoon, indicates that Mrs. Fogarty has already received $62,500 from the scholar-pugilist. Modestly, he thinks that sum quite sufficient and prays that Mrs. Fogarty be "forever" enjoined from making further demands.

That a woman legislator should lead in asking that the right to bring such actions be abolished in Connecticut suggests the increasing independence of modern women in affairs of the heart as in other matters. Unless there are children involved, a shrewd woman today is less apt to consider herself wronged if a lover's affections cool than to regard herself as well out of a bad situation.

This attitude encourages the belief that the movement against breach of promise suits will gain headway not only in Connecticut but in other States also. Generally speaking, such suits are inspired less by a sense of injury than by spite or greed, in which, unfortunately, the plaintiff is often aided by unscrupulous lawyers. The interest of society lies in happy, not unhappy, marriages. When the groom is clubbed to the altar by the threat of a lawsuit a happy marriage is almost out of the question.

▶▶*A Page of Failures*

WHILE COMMERCIAL AND PRIVATE flying develop apace, while Secretary of Commerce Lamont predicts that there will be vastly greater activity in American aeronautics this year than last, the debit side of the aviation ledger comes into prominent evidence. A week's record of failures in distance and endurance flights raises the question whether the airplane, in its present stage of development, may not be approaching the limit of its potentialities. High winds and generally unfavorable weather conditions were partly responsible for the recent series of mishaps. But high winds and bad weather, however unwelcome, are aviation's boon companions.

Underwood

DID IT AGAIN

Bobby Jones, the golfing lawyer, for the third time winner of the National Open Championship

Major Ramon Franco and his three companions, adrift for seven days in the seaplane in which they attempted a flight from Spain to the United States, were rescued near the Azores by the British aircraft carrier "Eagle." The happy ending to this near-tragedy doubtless will prejudice many in favor of the seaplane, instead of the land plane, for trans-oceanic flying.

The Answer, piloted by Miss Viola Gentry and Jack Ashcraft, seeking to set a new endurance record, ran out of fuel and crashed into a treetop in a fog-obscured forced landing on Long Island after having been aloft less than ten hours. Miss Gentry was severely injured and her co-pilot was killed.

The Three Musketeers, rival of The Answer, in which Mr. and Mrs. Martin Jensen and an assistant pilot sought to better the refueling endurance record set by Robbins and Kelley, was forced down 100 hours short of the mark. Weather conditions made refueling impossible.

The Miss Minneapolis, piloted by Thorwald Johnson and Owen Haughland, also failed in the attempt to better the Robbins-Kelley record of 172 hours. Motor trouble forced it down after 149½ hours.

Captain Albin Ahrenberg tried once more to take off from Iceland, where he has been stranded several weeks, and finish his flight from Sweden to the United States. Trouble with the propeller compelled him to turn back.

Lee Shoenhair, starting from the West to set a record for a round-trip transcontinental flight, crashed in Oklahoma, while taking off after a landing forced by heavy thunderstorms.

Credit for the one exception on the list goes to Captain Frank M. Hawks, who completed a record-breaking flight between Los Angeles and New York, making the round-trip within a flying time of 36 hours.

▶▶*Arms and the Citizen*

UNLESS HIGHER COURTS tip over the ruling of a Federal District Court in Connecticut, Douglas C. Macintosh cannot become an American citizen, since he refuses to bear arms in defiance of his conscience. Even more forcefully than the Schwimmer case, this ruling raises the question whether unwillingness to bear arms should be an all-dominating reason for refusing a petition for citizenship. It also raises the question whether citizenship requirements have not lagged far behind the country's foreign policies.

Professor Macintosh, a native of Canada, joined the faculty of the Yale Divinity School in 1903, served with the Canadian Army as chaplain and later with the American Y. M. C. A.

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during the war, and thereafter resumed his position at New Haven. Details lacking from this brief word picture of him may be filled in readily from his own statements.

He is, he says, ready to put allegiance to country above individual preference and second only to allegiance to what he regards as God's will. "By the will of God, I mean what is reasonable and right, whatever is for the highest well-being of humanity or of everybody concerned." Even in the case of an unjustified war, though he would not consent to go to the front, he would consider himself duty bound to serve his country whole-heartedly in some other fashion.

His record, his occupation, his sponsors, the tone and substance of his statements, all clearly indicate his character. They indicate as clearly the absurdity of shutting the door on a potential citizen of this sort and flinging it open to persons who, save for their professed willingness to shoulder a gun at command, are nowhere nearly as likely to make desirable citizens.

The one objection brought against Professor Macintosh is that, though willing to bear arms in any war he regards as morally justified, he will not promise beforehand to do so whether he thinks the war justified or not. He will not promise to support the Government "in a war in violation of the so-called Kellogg pact, for instance." But why, since America is not only an adherent to but the father of the pact, should he be expected to support such a war? Certainly the Government in examining applicants for citizenship must at least assume that the pact means what it says, and that all wars have been renounced save those in self-defense.

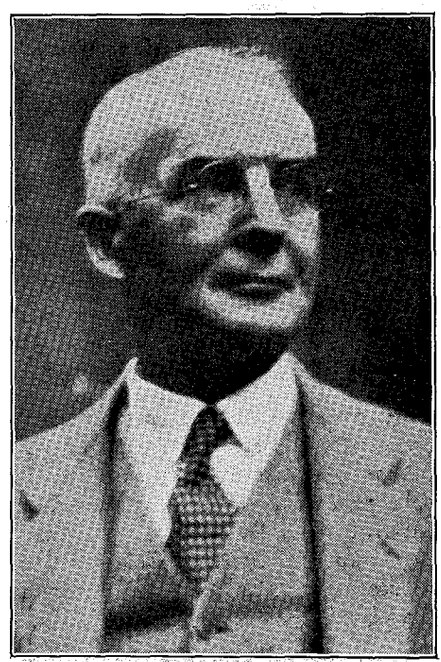
The incongruity between citizenship requirements and foreign policy remains—we have pledged ourselves not to fight an **aggressive** war and we bar out a man who refuses to fight one.

▸▸*Down South*

BRAVING THE SOUTHERN HEAT, the thoughts of politicians are carried back regularly to Old Virginny. The lure is the recently-completed coalition between Old Dominion Republicans and Bishop Cannon's anti-Smith Democrats.

Not long ago the Cannonites convened at Roanoke and nominated, among others, a candidate for Governor, with the object of continuing their repudiation of the Smith-Raskob national leadership and humbling regular Virginia Democrats who supported Smith last year and have refused to repent. Seizing this opportunity by the nose, the Virginia Republicans convened at Richmond and endorsed the anti-Smith nominees, with the object of sliding into power through the breach in the Democratic party. The hopes of the coalitionists are centered primarily on their candidate for Governor, William Moseley Brown, Professor of Psychology at Washington and Lee.

Eagerly, the State and National leaders of both parties await the fray.



P & A photos

BARRED

Citizenship denied to Professor Douglas C. Macintosh of the Yale Divinity School

Much will depend on the outcome. If the coalition wins, Bishop Cannon and his followers will be stronger than ever; indeed, a decisive victory might mean not only their return to, but their dominance in, the Democratic party in Virginia. Moreover, similar developments might then be expected in other States of the South. But if the Cannonites lose, notwithstanding the help of the Republicans, their goose may be pretty thoroughly cooked.

Conscious that the forthcoming test of strength may be partly decided by racial prejudice, the coalitionists have indicated their desire for a continuance of the present social relations, or rather lack of them, between whites and Negroes. The occasion for this is, of course, the presence of the wife of Oscar de Priest, Negro Representative from Chicago, at a recent White House tea, which has brought protests not only from the Legislatures of Georgia, Mississippi, and Florida, but from Southern citizens without number.

Unquestionably the tea will play a part in the Virginia battle. So, probably, will Bishop Cannon's recently-published stock transactions. Possibly most Virginians look on this matter with kindly eyes in these days of widespread stock dealings, but in all likelihood there are old-timers who do not.

▸▸*Einstein Wins Another*

ACTUAL PHYSICAL PROOF of Einstein's purely mathematical concept that space is curved begins to loom up in new measurements of star velocities made by the Mount Wilson astronomer Humason. And with these experiments man, whose vision only a comparatively short time ago was confined to the thin layer of reality between the microscopic world and the macroscopic world—neither of which he could penetrate—makes another leap into the unknown. It now begins to look as if the tremendous velocities of some of the stars—up to 4900 miles a second—previously thought to be actual, are a kind of illusion, a "curved space" effect.

The earth moves in its orbit at eighteen miles a second. Two hundred miles a second gives a fair idea of velocities of stars in the Galaxy. Even this makes us gasp. But during the past two or three years astrophysicists have been discovering groups of stars moving at vastly higher velocities. These discoveries have now culminated in Humason's recent determinations of star group velocities first of 2400, then 3100, and finally 4900, miles a second. It was not the inconceivable velocities themselves but a certain obvious coincidence which caused astrophysicists to say, "This is too much." It was found that, strangely enough, the more distant the object, the greater its velocity in space. There even seems to be a direct mathematical relation. Stars at 25 million light years (a light year is 6,000,000,000,000 miles) move at so much; stars at 50 million at twice that much.

It is only recently that astrophysicists have been able to measure such great distances and this is why the new relation between distance and apparent velocity has only just been learned.

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Another year's extension of measurements may make it more certain, as larger telescopes of future years will also do. Already, however, it seems to be a fair[illegible] safe conclusion that what scientists thought of as stupendous velocity is merely an illusion due to Einstein's curved space. So Einstein's concept was not merely a paper concept, after all.

▶▶Television on the Hearth

When the ten million radio sets in American living-rooms have been supplemented by television sets—they do say five years may turn the trick—and the family may switch on all of drama and music at the expense of advertisers, what will the theatre do then, poor thing? Vanish?

Like the rose. Or very nearly so, says Robert E. Sherwood in "Scribner's;" a few will remain to produce plays and pictures too highbrow for general appeal, or cheap entertainment for those too poor to make down payments on television sets.

It is hard to believe it. Probably it was quite as hard for the audience at the recent demonstration of color television at the Bell Telephone Laboratories in New York to credit their eyes. Nor is it any wonder that one director of the Comédie Française, the world's oldest legitimate theatre, asked himself if he was dreaming when he heard the proposal that talkies be made of that theatre's classic repertory. Yet both events suggest the possible scope of television.

Monochromatic television was first demonstrated two years ago. The intervening time has been occupied in perfecting the mechanism for sending color, as well as images, by wire, without sacrifice of detail. Visitors at the Bell Laboratories, looking at a small screen above an ordinary telephone, saw not only the man at the other end of the wire but the black seeds, green rind, and pink fruit of the watermelon on which he munched. Apparently what has been done with wires can also be done with wave lengths.

According to Mr. Sherwood, the talkies and television are to be as one; the bulk of radio television entertainment will be transmitted from films. Thus, if all fares well with television, and if the Comédie falls into step, Mr. and Mrs. Demos may spend evenings at home, seeing and hearing the plays of Molière, done in natural colors and the best Comédie manner—presented through the courtesy of the Whatdoyoucallit Oil Company.

▶▶Beyond the Billboards

Possibly the countryside, recently gone quite literally by the board—the billboard—will eventually come into its own again. A contest sponsored by Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., among high-school students for a slogan to arouse popular interest in preserving the natural beauties of America has produced "This is your country—beautify it," words which in coming years will doubtless be much in evidence. A proposal made at the Boston convention of the National Association of Real Estate Boards to appeal to the Federal Government for the elimination of undesirable forms of outdoor advertising argues that in time these natural beauties, preserved, may become partly, if not wholly, visible.

Which is encouraging. The fact that public interest in limiting outdoor advertising has reached the point where Federal investigation and control are suggested is an indication that Federal co-operation may be unnecessary. Sufficient popular demand would enable States to handle the matter individually, through beautification of highways under their supervision, as well as through county zoning, State licensing of outdoor advertising, and city ordinances. In some States, restrictive measures already are in operation; a few years of interested effort, and then—

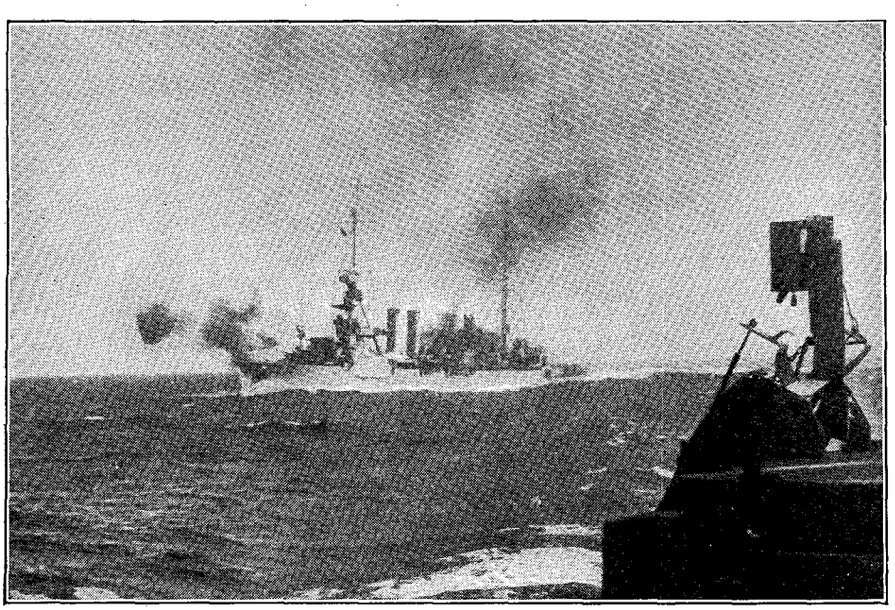
American motorists, meet Mother Nature! Trees, you know. Waterfalls, mountains, fields, and flowers. Vistas and whatnot. Beyond the billboards—you may have guessed it—lies scenery.

Pray the reform may not come too late. Some five million cars were manufactured in 1928, a million more than in 1927. The United States and Canada claim 88½ per cent. of the output and all but a few thousand of the increase. This sets a record; no doubt next year's output will set another one. It is difficult, now, for the Sunday motorist on State highways to lift his eyes from the spare tire of the car ahead of him. By the time the billboards are down and nature lies unsheathed, it may be impossible.

▶▶National Origins

Olaf Linck, Danish author and journalist, had a good visit with Mr. Hoover recently. It was pleasant, no doubt, to hear the President say that many of his acquaintances are of Danish extraction, that some of the best workers in America are Danes, that there are no Danes in jail in all the United States. "The President told me some very nice things about my countrymen over here," says Mr. Linck.

But did the President tell him, or does Mr. Linck know, that under the national-origins immigration plan, lately approved by Congress, 1,600 persons are slashed off Denmark's annual



U. S. Navy

SCRAPHEAP BOUND?

Cruisers like this are the right arms of the fighting fleets which diplomats are attempting to reduce

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quota of 2,800? Like Sweden, Norway, Germany, and the Irish Free State, Denmark fares badly under this scheme. Sweden is allowed but a third of her former quota, 3,300 instead of 9,500. So with Norway; her quota, which had been 6,400, becomes 2,300. Germany, formerly permitted to send 51,200 immigrants, now may send but 25,900. The quota for the Irish Free State stood at 28,500; it stands at 17,800.

Is it generally realized that under the national-origins plan the number of immigrants will be only about 11,000 fewer than under that which it upsets and succeeds? Most of what is saved on other quotas will be added to that for Great Britain and Northern Ireland, which jumps from 34,000 to 65,700.

As for other changes, the Netherlands quota becomes 3,100 instead of 1,600, Italy's 5,800 instead of 3,800. Belgium's quota rises by 800 to 1,300; Switzerland's falls by 1,100 to 1,700. Poland, with 6,500, gains 600. France drops 900 to 3,100.

It may be questioned whether it was wise to abandon a smooth-running, well-understood, effective restriction system for the national-origins scheme, whose principal virtue is its impracticable intent of preserving the country's present racial proportions. However, since the national-origins plan is here, it should be allowed to stay here. We have had three restriction plans in nine years. Almost anything would be better than still another change, with its inevitable concomitants, inconvenience and racial jealousy. For the next few years, at least, the subject of immigration restriction might well be forgotten.

The Bingham Plan

FEARFUL LEST SENATORIAL UTTERANCES injure the good name of individuals, corporations, and churches, Senator Bingham of Connecticut would deprive members of Congress of immunity from libel suits for their remarks on the floor. Criticisms of public officials would be privileged, but other charges would leave their maker at the mercy of aggrieved parties, their lawyers, and the courts.

Mr. Bingham bases his proposed Constitutional amendment partly on the fact that hereafter Senate sessions for discussion of Presidential nominees may be open to the public. A bitter opponent of full and automatic publicity as proposed by Senator Norris, he apparently seeks to restrict some of the benefits of what has been achieved. With libel lawyers examining the pros and cons of arguments over nominations, few Senators would feel free to say why certain men should be rejected.

Under the Bingham system, Charles Beecher Warren, who helped to create the "sugar trust," probably would have been confirmed as Mr. Coolidge's Attorney General. Senator Walsh of Montana never could have forced an investigation of the oil scandals had he stood in danger of being hauled from the floor into the courts. The first address with which Walsh opened fire on the Teapot Dome deal in all probability would have precipitated a libel action. Thereafter every opponent of a sweeping inquiry would have been able to cite the pending judicial trial as one reason for inaction in the Senate. Since it took five years to place Harry F. Sinclair behind prison bars, it is obvious that postponement of the oil investigation pending the settlement of libel suits would have meant victory for the men who bartered away the Nation's resources.

The Senate floor is almost the last refuge for unrestricted free speech in the United States. It is better that some slight injuries be done to individuals or corporations than this refuge be destroyed. For that matter, few individuals or corporations are seriously hurt by Senate orations unless they deserve to be.

Remarkable Remarks

The President gets the best advice he can find, uses the best judgment at his command, and leaves the event in the hands of Providence.—CALVIN COOLIDGE.

I have found that the biggest men are the simplest, the humblest, the most trusting.—IVY LEE.

Had he been a real primitive man I shouldn't have minded so much because I should have understood him. But he wasn't. And then I knew I didn't like him at all, because I hate a faker. So I just hit him in the nose, threw him out of his car and drove off.—JOAN LOWELL.

Women have always got hold of the wrong end of the stick.—PROF. WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

All I want to do is to get back to my mother. I'm no hero.—ARTHUR SCHREIBER.

The church is frankly and sincerely a meddlesome institution.—REV. DR. EUGENE C. CARDER.

Every child might know that the way to avoid war is to be ready for it.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

My advice to a woman who wants to stay married is not to have a child before thirty, even if her husband takes a sledgehammer to her.—DR. JOHN BROADUS WATSON.

I am supposed to be a prohibitionist, but am about as loyal to the prohibition element as some of these Southern Democrats are to the Democratic party. — SENATOR A. R. GOULD.

After a few of the remaining old soaks die off you'll never hear of prohibition.—HENRY FORD.

In Brief

ACCORDING TO Secretary of Commerce Lamont, the purpose of the Government's inquiry into the distribution of goods is to reduce "the selling price of almost all the things which the head of the family has to buy." What are the odds on a bet that it will do no such thing? . . . . On October 7 former-Secretary of the Interior Fall will be tried on charges of having conspired to defraud the Government in leasing oil lands to Harry F. Sinclair. Antiquarians may recall when the charges were originally brought . . . Plans for seadromes, to be anchored well out in the Atlantic Ocean, are interesting. They would be more so if it were explained just how an aviator is to find and land on one in foggy weather . . . Edward A. Filene of Boston predicts that mass production will be applied to houses, which will be manufactured by machinery in central factories owned by huge corporations, and in standardized sizes and shapes. The products will be known to once-individualistic American citizens as "homes" . . . President Hoover would, "of course," be glad to see a tariff plan evolved which would protect both consumers and producers of sugar. Unfortunately, the one group can be protected only at the expense of the other . . . Frederick Wensley, of Scotland Yard, peerless solver of murder mysteries, will retire and devote himself to gardening. Why doesn't he come to America and amass a fortune by furnishing plots to fatigued writers of detective stories? . . . If it is true, as charged, that Department of Justice agents have shadowed juries, then nowhere has the jury system more radical critics than in the Federal Government . . . We shall be disappointed if sport-

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ing writers at the next fistic battle of the century do not inform us that "One-Eyed" Connolly "schreibered" in . . . It seems that Senator Gould of Maine, who says he is "supposed to be a prohibitionist," has obtained "some very fair results" through the fermentation of grape juice. Oh, well, there's still Senator Jones. He, at least, seems to be as dry as he's supposed to be.

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

OUR PRESIDENT, we hear, frequently displays a headstrong nature that affrights his most loyal advisers. We have already noted the sorrowful consequences of his neglect of Senator Watson's suggestions for handling temperamental and debenturing Senators. Now, we learn, the latest eminent to see his documented advice dropped into the White House waste-basket is the sage Andrew W. Mellon, whose whispered word was once a command to occupants of the Executive Mansion. Our informants bring word that the venerable head of the Treasury begged in vain that the President should not request Congress to undertake a summer study of reorganization of governmental units associated with prohibition enforcement.

We are surprised at the President's spurning of the Pennsylvanian's proposals, even though Mr. Mellon has been in eclipse since March 4, since we discovered long ago that he was an authority on such a subject as political enforcement of prohibition. In the latest incident it was his view that the Administration should place Congress on the defensive by submitting a definite scheme after a thorough study of problems involved in transfers and mergers. Wets could hardly have cavilled at a mere reallocation of federal activities, while the white-ribboners, ever eager for reassurance that their faith in Mr. Hoover was not misplaced last November, would have sung hymns and hosannahs. It is conceivable that Bishop Cannon might have contributed his stock market winnings to the G. O. P. campaign chest for 1932. In fact, so straightforward a program might have compensated for Mr. Hoover's unexplained and still unforgiven readiness to let Mabel Walker Willebrandt become a lobbyist for aviation instead of prohibition legislation.

We may be wrong, but Mr. Hoover's disregard of Mr. Mellon's services may prove serious. For one thing, it angered Congressional leaders who do not care to become embroiled in the wet-and-dry controversy. The politically dry Bert Snell, for instance, must conceal his deepest sentiments if he is to attain his ambition of a Senate seat from the cosmopolitan State of New York; and "Nick" Longworth must temper his liberalism to the shorn sheep of the Ohio Anti-Saloon League. The less ambitious resented what they called the Administration's attempt to "pass the buck"—we quote their colloquialism—and shook their heads angrily. The result was that Mr. Hoover's first "special message" to a Republican Congress got scantier attention than Tammany members' annual demands for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Enright in the New York World

Check

Even more unfortunate for the Administration, the President's request provoked the restive Carter Glass to voice a shrewd criticism of conditions which wets and drys have sensed without daring or desiring to describe. The President, Glass charged, is "submerging" the whole prohibition problem in a series of commissions, committees, speeches and boards of inquiries. We cannot agree entirely with the hot-headed Virginian, but there was sufficient salty truth in his words to hurt. Presidential proposals for further experimentation and investigation of "the noble experiment" have overwhelmed us since March 4, and except for the armed demonstration at Detroit—of which we hear less each week—there have been no notable accomplishments. We find that many others, including sincere men on both sides of the question, are also struck by the contrast between the noise of new machinery and the lack of results. Professional prohibitionists, whose optimism had led them to look for effective enforcement through the miracle of Mr. Hoover's election are quite disappointed, we are told.

We think it too early, however, to discuss results. We prefer to cling to our hope that the Administration will try to work out "the noble experiment" on a constructive basis. We hope that the obligations of office will not warp the President's scientific and engineering perspective. For that reason we shared the general disappointment of press and public in his address before directors of the Associated Press at New York City. We discerned little vision and thought in the President's discussion of prohibition there; he created the impression that he had abandoned his test tubes and laboratory for platitudes and pulpit. Not in many years has a presidential utterance evoked such unfavorable press comment, in our opinion, and we would not be surprised if Mr. Hoover now regrets his pious preaching.

We would prefer that the President maintain his balance as the scales rise or fall against prohibition in the next few years. We believe, from our observation, that he will try to remain the student instead of the zealot. Although the public prints made little or no reference to it, we understand it was Mr. Hoover who squelched the movement to teach prohibition propaganda in the public schools. Hardly had he read of the horrible plan in Edward B. McLean's "Washington Post" before he had high treasury officials on the phone to inform them that his Administration would not tolerate "prohibition propaganda for school children." Within two hours, we noted, his instructions to "deflate the story" had been carried out. To our mind, the swiftness with which he headed off this movement to make the classroom the scene of current controversy over the good and evil of Volsteadism was admirable. He may be headstrong in some matters, but we can forget and forgive much for this defiance of the drys on behalf of the freedom of the schools.

A. F. C.

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Man's Evolution Today

An Editorial by Ales Hrdlicka

HAS human evolution been accomplished and has it ended, or it is still going on? This is a problem of intense human importance. If human evolution has ended, it means that the capital we have, in body and brains, in sense organs and nerves, in beauty and strength, will never be added to any more or materially altered for the better—for that would be evolution. If man's evolution has ended, then all that he could hope for would be a wiser and better utilization of his biological capital; which would imply limited and eventually no progress. This would change eugenics into moderate orthogenics, restrict all ideals of the future, discourage all great effort, and turn the mind even more than in the past to the after-death existence, which then alone could realize any higher human aspirations. A full conviction of the impossibility of further evolution could only prove, in fact, a blighting and demoralizing influence to all extraordinary endeavor. It would be a dismal state of human affairs.

It is easy to understand why there is rising, on the part of the thinkers, an insistent demand for a reliable word of science on this troubling subject. Evolution in the past is already quite accepted, even by many who on the surface still oppose it—they merely want a fuller presentation of the proofs, or do not want to advance ahead of their neighbours. It matters to some, but after all it calls only for modern mental adjustments. But evolution or stagnation of man *now* and *in the future* are troubling and vital problems, affecting the very spiritual fountains of advanced humanity. What are the facts or, at least, the sound indications in these fields of knowledge? From the subjective standpoint of the human species no more burning and consequential question could be asked.

The answer, as yet, can not be complete. It cannot be fully satisfactory. In these realms science itself is but opening its eyes. But what is seen already, soberly and clearly, promises a great relief from the anxieties. Let us point out the indications.

There is no detectable cessation in nature. Delays, irregularities, yes; but no real stopping. All nature is seen to be a vast unceasing tide of changes. And as man is part of nature he, too, must keep on changing.

The process of evolution in the organic world is seen to peter out in no lines of permanent stability.

All species and genera have evidently a life course comparable to that of an individual. They have their birth, their youth, their full-fledged "adult" life, their senility, and their extinction, although the relative lengths of these periods may differ greatly. But there is no cessation in the process of existence; and, while under similar but a higher order of laws than those of individuals, the unfit and senile species and genera die, under normal conditions they do not do so before leaving a fresh progeny to carry on the tasks of evolution. Therefore, even the extinction of a species does not mean a stoppage of the advance of evolution. And in the long run this evolution tends in the direction of ever more complex, able, mentalized creatures. There is no apparent reason why man should make an exception.

Man unquestionably is still plastic. He is impressionable by and reactive to a great range and variety of factors. He is adaptable to these factors, changing in accordance with them physiologically and even physically. His adaptations to heat and cold, light or darkness, food and habits, stresses and demands, and even to disease, if sufficiently prolonged and strong, tend to affect heredity (pigmentation, birth-rates, proportion of sexes, family and racial qualities and abilities, immunities, etc.). All these are the very foundations of evolution. Being plastic and adaptive, man cannot but keep on evolving as long as there will exist the agencies of evolution.

Many of these agencies are of environmental character. These man has come to control largely. He neutralizes and selects. He protects himself against the noxious or unpleasant and follows the pleasing and favorable. This alone must be an aid to propitious organic progress. But in addition to the old environmental agencies there are arising, under modern social conditions, innumerable potent new factors, to which men must adapt themselves or suffer. So we find plenty of continuous causes for further evolution.

Science thus sees that man reacts, and apparently better than he ever did, to a multitude of old as well as new factors; that he successfully adapts himself to these in many cases; that heredity helps in rendering these adaptations progressively easier. It is further known that with time, if the action of the causes be continuous, the adaptations tend to become set or established. Which is—Evolution.

The knowledge of the fact that man is still changeable, and hence capable of further progress, further evolution, is not confined to science. It is in reality one of the most generalized and thorough of pan-human empirical appreciations. And it is so important that upon it is based a vast amount of human behavior. Upon it are based the training of the child, of the apprentice, of the adult. It is the foundation of all the disciplines and arts. It is the very essence of all the endeavors for the improvement of man, the main pillar of hope for all human future.

The amount and degree of change producible by man-directed agencies in many an individual is astounding. Note the acrobat, the Japanese wrestler, the performers and high specialists in all lines. These of course are essentially only personal modifications, which are not hereditary. But the line between such modifications and hereditary alterations or variations is very indistinct and no one can tell clearly where ends the one and begins the other. Mutilations and the more superficial modifications have of course little if any effect upon heredity; but it is not certain whether this also is true of those modifications

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Where Is Mankind Going?

The distinguished contributors to this weekly editorial page constitute not only our list of witnesses to the progress of existence, but its interpreters as well. Dr. Hrdlicka is himself an example of man's adaptability to new environment. A native of Czechoslovakia, he is now curator of the Division of Physical Anthropology in the National Museum at Washington. Dr. Isaiah Bowman, of the American Geographical Society, will be the next contributor

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Beethoven: A Biography

By ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

In this final installment of Beethoven's biography are described the last years of the Master's life, made bitter and unhappy through ill health and the sorrow caused by his nephew Karl, yet productive nevertheless of the C sharp minor quartette which he believed to be his best. He died March 26, 1827

AS Beethoven was preparing in 1825 for a plunge into the B flat quartet[1]—the third of the Galitzen series—he was visited by Ludwig Rellstab. This Berlin author left an interesting vignette of the man, expressed in the lush Biedermeyer manner of the period. After remarking the kindly mouth, the jaundiced tone of the complexion and the small but eloquent eyes, he went on to say:

"I read on his countenance melancholy, suffering goodness; but not one hard trait, not one sign of the mighty boldness which characterizes the rhythms of his spirit could even in passing be noticed.

"In spite of all I have said, however, he lacked nothing of that mysterious magnetic force by which the outward appearance of great men enthralls us. For the suffering, the dumb burden of pain which showed forth there, were not due to a momentary illness. Weeks afterward I saw this same expression, when Beethoven felt in far better health. They were the results of his whole unique life—destiny."

Toward the end of his career Beethoven complained bitterly that the Viennese were neglecting his works. But the records show that these complaints were as ill-founded as his deathbed protestations of extreme poverty, with seven bank shares safely hidden in their secret cubby-hole.

He had a less imaginary grievance in the conduct of nephew Karl. The lad had grown into a commonplace young man who had inherited his father's littleness and meanness with his mother's frivolity and inability to concentrate. There was no spark of the qualities for which we revere the Master.

The boredom, the exaggerated discipline, the fatuous spoiling, the loneliness and the interminable harangues of a childhood alone with his uncle had turned out a young fellow who reacted naturally to all this. He had little appreciation of the great man's sacrifices, or of his genius. In correspondence he referred to him as "the old fool," and wished only to be well rid of the eternal moralizing.

In 1823 Karl had begun philosophical studies at the University of Vienna. But after a year and a half he tired of these studies and was allowed to enter a business course at the Polytechnic Institute.

During the summer of 1825, which Beethoven spent in the suburb of Baden, Karl would grasp any pretext for evading the weekly visit of duty to his uncle. Then Beethoven would seize his pen and pour forth alternate threats, admonitions and pleadings.

Reading such lines as the following one does not know whether to sympathize more with the misguided genius or the misreared youth. On hearing that Karl had again been seeing something of his mother by stealth, the uncle wrote: "If I suffer again the most loathsome ingratitude, nay if the bond between us is severed, so be it, but you will be hated by all unprejudiced people who hear of this ingratitude."

In pathetic contrast to such an ultimatum comes an inarticulate wail of loneliness: "As I live here, you know, with the cold weather besides, the perpetual being alone weakens me still more, for my weakness often actually borders on a swoon, O do not add to my illness, even so the man with the scythe will not grant me much further respite."

Again the mood changes: "God has never forsaken me, some one will yet be found to close my eyes . . . you need not come this Sunday, for true harmony and sympathy will never be between us while you act as you do."

But when Karl ran away and there was no sign of him for days, the uncle's love burst out with such torrential force as his spirit had shown in the first movement of the *Eroica*.

My dear Son:—

Only nothing further—just come to my arms, you shall hear no harsh word. O God, do not make way with yourself in your misery—you will be received with love as always—we will affectionately talk over what we must consider, what is to be done about the future, on my honor no reproaches, for they would be of no use anyway, from me you need expect only the most loving care and help. Only *come*—come to the faithful heart of your father.

Beethoven.

. . . . *Si vous ne viendrez pas, vous me tuerez surement.* . . .

(If you do not come you will certainly kill me. . .)

Plagued as he was in body and mind, Beethoven fortunately could always flee to that "shadow of a mighty rock within a weary land"—his art. Sketches for the B flat quartet overlapped the finishing of the A minor.[2] And so resilient were the resources of his vitality that several of the six movements rank with the most humorous, dainty and lighthearted of his works. These elements, indeed, are so prominent that this counterfoil to the Quartett Serioso might aptly be called *"Quartetto Scherzoso."*

Ex. 1

Beethoven had a special affection for

1. Op. 130.
2. The editors regret that space does not permit here any such adequate discussion of Beethoven's works as will be found in Mr. Schauffler's book.

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this piece. He called it his "Leibquartett," a term of familiar endearment which our language lacks, and needs. Indeed, not a few of its pages represent the most intimate emotional self-revelations which he has left us.

At the very end of his life the Master confessed that each time he recalled the melody of the "Cavatina" it stirred him deeply and cost him tears. Indeed, in the stammering accents of that portion marked *"Beklemmt,"* (Ex. 1) one may catch the anguished, eloquently fragmentary style of such documents as the Heiligenstadt Testament, the letters to Amenda and Wegeler announcing his deafness, and that written to the "Immortal Beloved."

Holz once ventured the opinion that the B flat was the greatest of his quartets. But with exceptional modesty Beethoven answered: "Each in its way. Art demands of us not to stand still. You will find there a new way of voice leading (part writing) and, thank God! there is less lack of fancy than ever before."

Beethoven was right about the voice-leading. The art of contrapuntal part writing for four instruments has never advanced in line or space since he conceived those highly compressed thirty-eight bars of development in the first movement. Here is a bit of it (Ex. 2) which brings in no less than five distinct motives. For light on that superb piece of understatement concerning "less lack of fancy," the reader is referred to a performance of the *andante con moto* by such an organization as the London or [redacted] Lener Quartet.

Ex. 2

Adagio ma non troppo e molto espressivo.

In the fall of 1825 Beethoven moved, for the last time, to lodgings in "The Black Spaniard's" house. This structure was so called because it had been built by Benedictine monks from Spain. The Black Spaniard's House. How neatly it fits young Ludwig's childish nickname of "der Spangol."

The man who had once been called "Spangy," the little Black Spaniard of Bonn, chose his new house as if such a name might have power to bring glimpses of those youthful clouds of glory which had been so prematurely obscured by the vapors from Father Johann's bottle. Something, at any rate, brought them back. For here he was soon to write that swan-song, the C sharp minor quartet, whose second, fourth and fifth movements look at us with young eyes of limpid innocence, and whose other movements—we may imagine—repeat: "Whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, shall in no wise enter therein."

In the Black Spaniard's house he was to meet an untimely end at the height of his powers, with his Tenth symphony lying sketched in the desk—all done but the writing. As if exhilarated by the new home, he spoke gaily of dwelling "on the heights of Black Spain," whence the vision roves across "barbaric Baden." Which is very much as if a cliff-dweller on Riverside Drive, New York City, should claim that his vision roves across barbaric Englewood.

Here Beethoven found himself the neighbor of his boyhood friend, Stephan von Breuning, and renewed the old intimacy. He became extremely fond of Gerhard, the twelve-year-old son of Stephan, nicknaming him *Hosenknopf*, or Trowsers-button (because he stuck so close to father), and Ariel (because he was so light on his feet). When the lad took up the piano Beethoven prescribed the Clementi method as preferable to that by Czerny, and made the youngster a present of it. At the von Breuning home in Vienna the writer handled this precious volume and the kindly letter that went with it. The grandson of *Hosenknopf* showed him a magnificent nutwood desk which had been Beethoven's only fine piece of furniture. Also the funny little painted clock with iron weights, that always hung in the Master's kitchen, but which made such an officious and continuous racket that the von Breunings had to stop it. Such a timepeice could be tolerated in action only by a very deaf person. If Herr von Breuning's forebears had as much charm as this young paleontologist-entomologist, one can understand why they attracted Beethoven.

Frau von Breuning saw to the fitting up of Beethoven's kitchen, and engaged his servants. In return the gallant Master once accompanied her a long distance to a public bath. Emerging an hour later she saw with astonishment that he was waiting for her in the street.

This may have been an unwelcome attention. For his laugh was sudden, powerful and piercing, his gestures, angular and eccentric. He was completely indifferent toward strangers. His speaking voice was loud. So that passers-by often stopped in their tracks, taking him for a madman. And the street boys followed him hooting. Of course Beethoven, deaf and absorbed, had no more idea that he was embarrassing the lady than why she hesitated to eat at his table. The truth was that she did not find the Master's neglected clothing and his eccentric behavior appetizing.

Gerhard's sister Marie reported to Thayer: "Beethoven often told my mother that he longed greatly for domestic happiness and much regretted that he had never married." Frau von Breuning sometimes teased her husband to make Beethoven play. But Stephan always replied tenderly: "He doesn't like to do it, and I don't want to ask him, because it might pain him not to hear himself." When he did play, though, it sometimes gave exquisite pain to others. Rellstab tells how, by a trick, he induced the Master to press the keys of his Broadwood.

"I struck a chord lightly . . . in order to make Beethoven turn around . . . 'That is a beautiful gift,' said Beethoven . . . 'and it has such a beautiful tone,' he continued and moved his hands towards the keys without taking his eyes off me. He gently struck a chord. Never again will one enter my soul so poignant, so heart-breaking as that one was! He struck the C major triad with the right hand and B as a bass in the left, and continuing to gaze uninterruptedly at me, repeated the false chord several times in order to let the sweet tone of the instrument reverberate; and the mightiest musician on earth did not hear the dissonance!"

Early in 1826 Beethoven finished that quartet which he called his greatest, the C sharp minor.[1] After many fluctuations of taste, the author has come to feel that Beethoven was right.

The Master took extraordinary pains with the C sharp minor. The preliminary sketches for it bulk huge beside the portly completed manuscript. Studying them in the Prussian State Library in Berlin, one is filled with

1. Op. 131.

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something like awe at the infinite pains lavished by this dying man, and the infallibility with which revision progressed from the commonplace first thought to the inspired last thought.

In August, 1826, he sent the manuscript to Schott & Sons, his publishers. On its title page he scribbled *Zusammengestohlen aus Verschiedenem Diesem und Jenem*—(Cribbed together variously from this and that.) Schotts took fright and wrote, reminding Beethoven of their stipulation that the work must be an original one. To this the Master replied that the expression, *Zusammengestohlen* (Cribbed together) had been only a joke, and that the quartet was "spanking new" (*funkelnagelneu*).

"Spanking new" it unquestionably was. But was the *Zusammengestohlen* inscription no more than a humorous lie?

Perhaps not quite. The more one studies this music the more miraculously "cribbed together" it appears. Many of its tunes were born and reared through childhood somewhere else.[1]

THE BLACK SPANIARD'S HOUSE
Entrance to Beethoven's lodgings

More than any other work of Beethoven this C sharp quartet represents to the writer the gradual and painful acquisition of a taste long denied. For many years he had taken part in playing and hearing it without much more response than annoyance at its great length and obvious harshness. Not until after prolonged study, score in hand, of the phonograph record by the Lener Quartet; and hearing it repeatedly played in concerts did he begin to think it one of the supreme things in all art. It took him thirty years to realize that the C sharp minor uniquely blends the pure and unerring intuition of the child with the maturest experience of the consummate genius. To the writer the fugue which opens this quartet is the supreme movement in the music of Beethoven. It is beyond sorrow and joy, beyond good and evil, almost beyond ugliness and beauty.

Without in the least offering a personal view of this quartet as the only valid one, the writer feels it may be of a certain interest to mention that, though the work affects him variously according to mood and tense, most often its first part offers him, in a langauge far more veridical than any words, the illumination of the mystic vision. Its "twenty minutes of reality" communicates directly, without recourse to such awkward conventions as the worn counters of speech, the secrets of the universe. He feels himself a completely balanced and integrated being. And he sees everything at a glance as an inevitable progress of clearly unified cause and effect. The past, present and future are made to form one pure ring of burning light. There is "no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

Wagner held the *scherzo* of this quartet to be the *chef d'oeuvre* of all music. It stirs us with faint echoes from the Master's actual youth, now thirty years gone. It suggests that little *scherzo* which twice interrupted the second *adagio* of the Serenade for string trio (Op. 8). But it is strangely touching to notice that the Opus 8 *presto* sounds prosaically grown-up in comparison with that of Opus 131, where one may overhear the mirth of such innocent and exuberant play as the "young-eyed cherubim" might enjoy on the shores of the jasper sea.

The last two movements bring a stirring change. Turning abruptly from the subliminal they seem—to one listener at least—to intimate secrets even more important to the sons of Earth. They whisper that no man may gaze with impunity into the untempered brightness of the infinite;—that we, whose ancestors so recently swung gibbering from branch to branch are not yet intended to linger with the children of light on the plane of eternal bliss, neglecting our earthly home like absentee landlords, to feast upon supernal glories. Those painful footsteps of the *finale's* heroic march fall on the ear like heartening exhortations to live out this phase of existence fully and courageously, if we would develop the momentum of spirit necessary for the next.

This quartet was Wagner's chief inspiration in creating "the music of the future." And today, with "Tristan" and "The Ring" to its credit, music of the future it remains in a far deeper sense than any page left us by the seer of Bayreuth.

Beethoven's desperate and pitiful attempts to make some sort of contact with humanity by rearing a worthy heir, concentrated all the terrific power of his passionate affection upon one quite ordinary young man. Karl nearly died of it. He could not stand the perpetual change from suspicions and angry upbraidings to sentimental coddlings. Holz came in one day and found the young fellow actually laying forceful hands on Beethoven.

Karl made debts, neglected his studies and his uncle. Then he took to stealing, and finally tried suicide à la Werther, among the picturesque ruins of Castle Rauhenstein. At the last moment his nerve partly failed and two shots resulted in only one scalp wound.

This deed produced in Beethoven the old alternations of emotion. First fu at Karl's ingratitude; then a fervor thankfulness at his escape, followed by the unconditional but temporary surrender of a loving heart.

Karl told the examining magistrate that he had tried to kill himself because his uncle tormented him too much. "I grew worse because he wanted me to grow better." Which is a reaction perfectly natural in an unwisely handled youngster.

He now decided to be a soldier.

1. A full account of this quartet and its origins will be found in Mr. Schauffler's book.

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Baron von Stutterheim offered to take the boy into his regiment. In return he received from the grateful composer the dedication of the C sharp minor quartet.

But before Karl put on the uniform his tell-tale scar must heal. So, on September 28, 1826, uncle and nephew went for a visit to brother Johann's four-hundred-acre estate at Gneixendorf. The name of this village reminded Beethoven's occasionally sensitive literary ear "somewhat of the breaking of an axletree."

His hatred of his sister-in-law; his deep distaste for Karl's growing friendliness with this same Aunt Therese; his suspicion, his irritability, his invalid's diet and his eccentricities must have made him a somewhat onerous guest.

But Johann, too, must have been a trying house companion. He was an ignorant and unmusical but pretentious person who felt that, as the brother of the famous composer, he must act the part of a musical Brahmin. After forcing himself to look knowing during several performances of the great E flat quartet, it developed that he had no idea he had ever before heard it. His near presence must have been galling to such a sensitive man as the Master. In one of the "Conversation Books" of this period we read a jotting in young Karl's hand, discreetly meant for Ludwig's eyes alone, which may be euphemistically translated: "The Brother is odoriferous!"

The "Conversation Books" also give us many a quaint touch of Johann's homely quality; as when he calls the violoncello by its long outlawed name, *Bassettl,* and by even the corruption of this old word, *Passedel.*

Johann was hard put to it to provide Ludwig proper attendance. The latter composed at a table, waving and stamping the tempo with hands and feet while he hummed and shouted what to himself, at least, represented tunes. This was too much for the cook, who made his bed. She was overcome with mirth. And Beethoven drove her out with "hearty, free words."

Then Johann tried one of his vine-dressers as valet. Michael Krenn was more discreet. When he could no longer contain himself he rushed away and exploded with laughter at a safe distance. This peasant has left us a vignette of the composer in labor: "At half-past five he was up and at his table, beating time with hands and feet, singing, humming, writing. At half-past seven was the family breakfast and directly after it he hurried out of doors, and would saunter about the fields, calling out, waving his hands, going now very slowly, then very fast, and then suddenly standing still and writing in a kind of pocket-book. At half-past twelve he came into the house to dinner, and after dinner he went to his own room till three or so, then again in the fields till about sunset, for later than that he might not go out. At half-past seven he came to supper, and then went to his room, wrote till ten, and so to bed."

The neighbors as well as the servants felt that the strange stranger was not quite right in his head. He shouted and gesticulated so wildly as to stampede the same yoke of oxen twice in one day. Their driver asked Johann the name of the fool who had done this. "My brother." "A pretty brother, that he is!" exclaimed the peasant.

The picture of Beethoven at Gneixendorf following the inner gleam as he stormed across the fields, waving his arms like a wind-mill and roaring out unintelligible fragments of the last quartet to the consternation of the yokels, reminds us of Old Peter in that gem of Gilbert's "Bab Ballads," "The Perils of Invisibility."

> At night, when all around is still,
> You'll find him pounding up a hill;
> And shrieking peasants whom he meets,
> Fall down in terror on the peats.

It is recorded that one countryman, when the alarming stranger appeared and made his yoke of oxen plunge, yelled *"a bissel stada!"* which means in the local dialect "go a bit easy there!" This injunction neatly represents the typical reaction of average humanity to the waywardness of genius. If the Master had indeed gone through life *"a bissel stada"* he might never have quickened the heart-beats of either oxen or men.

Ludwig accompanied Johann on two different visits. The first was to the house of his surgeon whose wife took the composer for a servant, spoke patronizingly to him and gave him a jug of wine. The second was to a syndic who had as clerk an ardent Beethoven enthusiast.

SYNDIC: Who do you suppose that man was who stood so long by the door?

CLERK: He may be an exceptional case. But if you had not treated him so politely I should take him for an idiot.

Explanation and consternation. How were these simple folk to realize that he whom they held to be a fool or a madman was a great genius in parturition over a beauty full of "the peace that passeth understanding"?

To Karl, life with this wild man, for whom he had now lost every spark of gratitude and affection, was rapidly growing unendurable. Witness his outbreak in one of the "Conversation Books." Beethoven had evidently been scolding him for his reluctance to return to Vienna. The nephew replied: "If you want to go, good; if not, good again. But I entreat you once more not to torment me as you are doing; you might regret it, for I can endure much, but not too much. You treated your brother in the same way to-day without cause. You must remember that other people also are human beings. . . . I only want to be alone for a little while. . . . . Will you not let me go to my room?"

How the two unfortunate men grated upon each other's nerves can be read between the lines.

At Gneixendorf on October 30, 1826, Beethoven's last complete work, the quartet in F major[1] was finished. This piece is in the nature of a retrospect. The Master has fought his fight.

1. Op. 135.

Frau von Breuning and her daughter Eleonore

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Now he looks back over the arduous road he has travelled. In the confident happiness of the first movement, the sparkling vivacity of the second, the deep brooding peace of the third, the firm but smiling resolution of the last, we may see the stranger of Gneixendorf leaning on his staff and looking back toward the distant Danube. It reminds him of that Rhine of his boyhood, beyond which beckoned those castles in Spain.

And strains of music float up the deep vista to lend him resolution for the facing of whatever may be before him. In snatches he hears the *adagios* of his first quartet and of the Rasoumowskys, the Episode in the first movement of the *Eroica,* the beginning and end of the Fifth, the slow movement of the *"Emperor"* concerto and of the *"Archduke,"* the *Arietta,* the *Choral* without its end, the immortal C sharp minor fugue, the *Dankgesang,* the *Et vitam venturi.*

"It will stand" he murmurs. And on his face burns for a moment the transfigured look that no man ever surprised there. Then a surge of pain obliterates it and he hurries back to the Wasserhof to see what new mischief Karl is up to.

On December 2, 1826, the weather was severely inclement. But Beethoven had determined to take Karl to Vienna forthwith. And nothing could hold him back. Either from riding in a crude open vehicle or sleeping in a cold and wretched inn that night, he caught a chill and arrived "indisposed."

In two days Holz sent for Dr. Wawruch, who found symptoms of inflammation of the lungs. These he soon overcame. But on the eighth day a relapse was brought on by a fit of rage. The cause was unknown but it was probably directed against either Karl or Johann. This paroxysm brought on jaundice, an attack of summer cholera, hard nodules in the liver, and dropsy.

THE DROPSY necessitated four tappings. Even during the operations Beethoven was his usual humorous and brilliant self. The first time the surgeon made the incision, applied the tube and made the water gush forth, the patient observed whimsically: "Better from my belly than from my pen." Then, turning to Dr. Seibert, "Mr. Professor, you remind me of Moses smiting the rock with his staff."

With the rudimentary medical knowledge of a century ago, ignorance and carelessness combined to make that sickroom a cruel and disgusting place for a man to live or die in. Vermin came to complete the wretchedness.[1]

By the fourth operation Beethoven had lost hope. But he still had the wit to murmur: "My day's work is done. If there were a physician who could help me, his name should be called Wonderful." This quotation from *The Messiah* alluded to the gift of Handel's complete works which his friend Stumpff had sent from London to cheer the Master's last days.

YOUNG ARIEL" von Breuning used to bring the heavy folios and stand them on the bed against the wall. Beethoven was delighted. As he turned the pages words of admiration often burst from his lips. "I have long wanted these," he told the boy, "for Handel is the greatest, the ablest composer that ever lived. I can still learn from him."

In a "Conversation Book" some visitors scribbled: "Your quartet which Schuppanzigh played yesterday did not please." When they had gone the Master tersely remarked to "Ariel," who had found the entry: "Some day it will please them." He told the lad that he used his best judgment and would not permit himself to be carried away by the opinion of the moment.[2] "I know that I am an artist" he added simply.

Time hung so heavily on the patient's hands that, as the "Conversation Books" show, he even tried to learn elementary arithmetic from Karl, but soon gave it up. As usual, he devoted much anxious thought to that young man's financial future. This preoccupation, and the anti-mathematical cast of his mind may help to condone the false representations of poverty and extreme need which he made at that time to the London Philharmonic Society through Stumpff, Sir George Smart, and Moscheles, against the friendly protests of Von Breuning and Schindler. They pointed out that Beethoven could not honestly plead poverty while owning bank shares worth 7441 florins. They declared that the fact, if known, would look ugly. But Beethoven insisted that he wished to leave his little fortune to Karl intact—and sent the letter. London took prompt action on February 28, 1827. The sick man was soon overjoyed at hearing from Moscheles:

"The Philharmonic Society resolved to express their goodwill and lively sympathy by requesting your acceptance of £100 sterling, to provide the necessary comforts and conveniences during your illness."

When the money was brought, Rau the banker suggested delivering it in two installments. "I found poor Beethoven in a sad way," he wrote to Moscheles, "more like a skeleton than a living being. . . . He acknowledged to me openly that he considered this money as a relief sent from heaven; and that 500 *florins* would not suffice for his present want. I therefore gave him according to his wish, the whole sum at once."

Beethoven left an estate which, allowing for the difference in purchasing power between 1827 and 1929 would today be worth about $8,800. Yet Sonneck attacked all adverse critics of the Philharmonic incident on the ground that they "naïvely overlook a determining psychological factor. In Beethoven's eyes his seven bank-shares did not exist for him; in his eyes. . . they belonged to nephew Karl, his sole heir. To have touched these for his own comfort would have been considered by Beethoven unpardonable thievery. One may disapprove of this excess of consideration for Karl's future welfare, but it was sincere. Hence, from his point of view Beethoven, logically enough, could not but look upon himself as a poor man."[3]

BUT SONNECK overlooked the fact that it is not honest to proclaim oneself destitute while in possession of property, even though one may be filled with a burning desire to transmit this property posthumously. Suppose, for example, that some reader of these pages had accumulated a secret food supply, enough to sustain life for several years; and that he nevertheless begged food from friends and strangers abroad, on the ground that he was starving. Could he be cleared of a charge of obtaining food under false pretenses, even though he had set his heart on leaving the entire hoard to a relative? Sonneck wrote: "to have touched these would have been considered by Beethoven unpardonable thievery." But he forgot that Beethoven had already sold one of his accumulated shares on an occasion when he was particularly pressed for

1. Many of the nauseating details are given in Thayer, Vol. III.
2. One remembers how, deep in composing the Eighth Symphony, he wrote to Amalie Sebald: "What people say means nothing, they are only people; usually they see in others only themselves, and that is just nothing, away with this, the good, the beautiful needs no people. Independent of external aid, here it is."
3. Beethoven Letters in America, 1927, P. 37.

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The Aeronautical Industry Soars

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

The basic facts and events which underlie the trend of business are presented in this weekly financial page. Mr. Gammack is one of the well-known younger men in Wall Street

THE fight for survival among the aviation companies has been quickened sharply by the most recent of the large mergers effected this year. The day when almost any man with mechanical skill and an empty barn could launch an airplane manufacturing enterprise has passed definitely. The industry still is crowded with companies promoted on resources almost as limited, and many of them, taking advantage of the fever of speculation in aircraft securities, have turned their investment over to the public. That the public will hold the bag and pay expensively for the privilege is a certainty.

Although in many respects the aeronautical industry's development is hardly comparable with that of the automobile, there is no escaping the parallel in the high birth rate during the pioneering years. Approximately 1600 motor car manufacturers have started business in this country. Less than fifty of them have survived the strain of competition and engineering progress.

At present there are some 180 airplane producers. Probably forty of these, many of them grouped within larger holding companies, are substantial, going concerns, and a mere dozen of them turn out more than 75 per cent of the country's planes.

The movement to gather the progressive units of the industry into powerful holding companies has assumed its greatest force this year. United Aircraft & Transport Corporation, organized last October under the name of Boeing Airplane & Transport, was the first to put together a substantial holding company. Within the past four months the Aviation Corporation (Delaware), the Bendix Aviation Corporation, the Detroit Aircraft Corporation, and the Curtiss-Wright Corporation have been organized as holding and operating companies. Bendix is a horizontal combination of engine accessory manufacturers. The others are vertical mergers of engine and aircraft manufacturers and transport services.

Curtiss-Wright, the newest consolidation although the principals are probably the oldest survivors of the industry, combines the so-called Curtiss-Keys interests, headed by C. M. Keys of Curtiss Aeroplane & Motor, and the Hoyt group dominated by Richard F. Hoyt, chairman of the Wright Aeronautical Corporation.

Both of these groups had been allowed, figuratively, to grow wild. The Curtiss group, in the words of Mr. Keys, grew up by a process of evolution, one thing leading to another. When expansion of production was necessary, a new commercial plant was organized separate from military plane construction. When foreign business sprang up, an export company was formed. When training, sales and service flying loomed importantly, Curtiss Flying Service was created for the job. Finance companies such as North American Aviation and National Aviation, as well as regional organizations, were developed to attract general public investment.

There was a certain amount of interlocking stock ownership between the Curtiss units. The Hoyt group was even less homogeneous. Its principal claim to unity was the position of Mr. Hoyt as chairman of the various boards of directors. The banking and business sponsors of the two groups were in close harmony. The development of a holding company was the logical outcome. Although only ten of the thirty-odd Curtiss and Wright affiliates are being absorbed immediately, the company, with more than $70,000,000 of tangible assets, stands well above its nearest competitor. Unification of the transport companies and financial companies is held in abeyance.

In earnings, and engine and plane manufacture, United Aircraft ranks close to the Curtiss-Wright Corporation. Its established transport lines at present are far ahead. Its subsidiaries number eight.

The Aviation Corporation, an aggressive organization formed to acquire independent units, has collected an impressive group of transport lines during its brief history, even acquiring one of the companies claimed loosely by Curtiss, and is building up its group of manufacturing subsidiaries. It controls fifteen companies and has an interest in a half-dozen others.

Detroit Aircraft, controlling nine companies, has the well known Lockheed and Ryan planes, a dirigible plane, a Diesel engine, besides other products and interests.

One of the surprises of the year was the entrance of General Motors Corporation into aviation, first through its participation in Bendix Aviation and then through the purchase of a 40 per cent interest in Fokker aircraft. Bendix Aviation was a notable co-operative effort shared by the large holding companies and placing the manufacture of aircraft necessities on a quantity basis.

Automobile manufacturers, sensing the possibility of competition, have begun to take an active interest in aviation. So have the railroads. Both of them have in mind the depressing consequences of the railways' failure to meet automotive competition squarely and early. Through their great engineering organizations the automobile men may become important producers of aviation motors. Unlike airplane building, motor construction requires a large investment in equipment and research facilities; which accounts for the fact that four of the twenty-five builders last year made more than 75 per cent of the aircraft motors.

Packard has been busy over its mystery Diesel engine. Velie, Gardner Lycoming and Continental are active contenders in the industry.

Straight-line production methods, applied so successfully in automotive work, are proving their economy in plane construction.

More than a quarter of a billion dollars has been put into aviation securities offered to the public within the past year. Some of this will suffer the fate of many speculations in the new enterprises. A good deal of it, it seems fair to expect, eventually will bring a handsome return for the risk involved. The investing or speculating public is groping its way now through piles of promotional literature and clinging fast to a few magic names and to a faith in investment trusts to find the winning numbers.

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

The Wave that is War

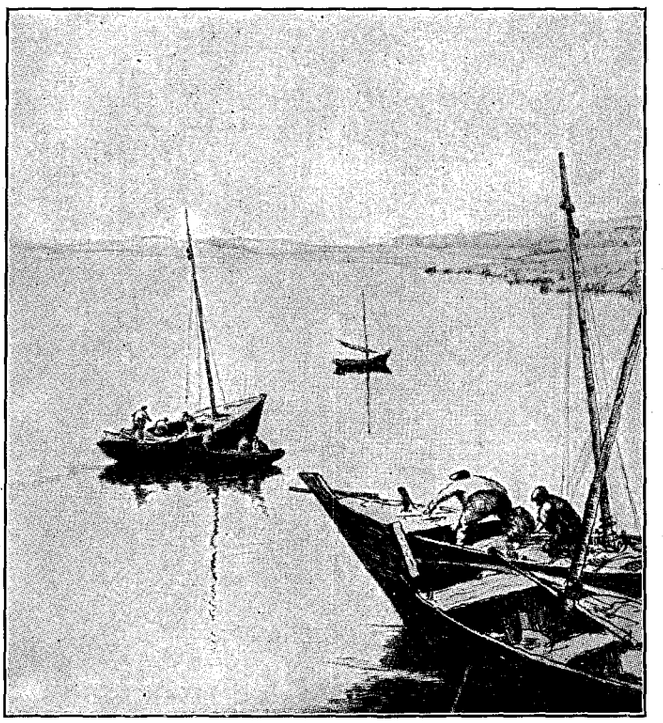
The Wave by Evelyn Scott: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50. Published July first.

OPINION on a work of art should be impersonal. One should look at such a work as a thing in itself and not as the achievement of a particular individual. One of the limiting qualities of much contemporary art, particularly in the fields of poetry and painting, is that quality which makes the spectator or reader too likely to say not "how fine it is," but "how fine a job so-and-so has done there." In other words, the appreciators of contemporary art are too frequently only its initiates.

In considering such a work of art as "The Wave," it is impossible to separate the author's effort from the finished product. The first, and again the last emotion of its reader is one of personal admiration. Evelyn Scott, a writer, in the opinion of this reviewer, hitherto over-rated, of a peculiarly morbid and egocentric point of view, committed to immediacy and introspection, has chosen in "The Wave" a subject demanding an impersonal attitude, one already becoming remote to American minds, and one of surpassing historical importance. She has chosen to write about the Civil War, and one cannot begin to consider her achievement without first paying tribute to the courage, energy and self-confidence which made it possible. It took courage to choose so great a theme, patience to prepare for the writing by the study of sources; finally, a complete (and a completely justified) confidence in creative powers.

The publishers announce "The Wave" as a novel. We understand that the author, herself, describes it as a collection of narratives of the Civil War. It consists in a series of isolated incidents, individual dramas played on one vast stage, bound together only by the fact that the actors are all borne upon the same emotional wave. It has no plot but the cosmic plot of wars, no hero but mankind. The scenes range from a dawn in Charleston Harbor, where a rebellious boy waits for the shot that will free him from home and let him be a man and a soldier, to the victory celebration in Washington, where women flutter over passing generals and complain that the parade lasts too long. Hundreds of characters pass across the pages, each one animated by the author's enormous creative force. The author sweeps from one incident to another and the reader's imagination leaps to supply the connecting links between hundreds of different stories of grief, fear, lust, self-deception, cowardice and pain. In such a list of attributes, the reader of this review will notice certain omissions. If "The Wave" were the conventional story of war, such words as bravery, wisdom and sacrifice would have been included. That they are not, marks one of the distinguishing qualities, possibly one of the defects of "The Wave." Evelyn Scott's peculiar sensitivity to moral weakness and spiritual taint blinds her to other equally human qualities, and lends to her characters a decadent fragility out of keeping with the vital weight of her theme. Can any war take place in which there is not a substantial amount of spontaneous courage, of premeditated sacrifice, of pure nobility? Are boys who drown cursing each other in the muddy waters of Vicksburg, mad girls who laugh at the shooting of their deserter lovers, Davids who send Uriahs to front line trenches, negroes who follow Sherman to the sea, shouting an orgiastic spiritual, the whole of any war? Any war—any war is horrible, any war is senseless, any war is "The Wave" which sweeps even those of us who swear in peace time that we will go to jail before we will follow another flag into a crash of tears and song. But is *any* war one person's belief about all wars? And may fiction deal with all wars? Evelyn Scott has believed that out of countless separate meanings, one vast meaning may be drawn; out of the minute picturing of separate drops of water, one vast wave may be depicted. We believe that she is mistaken. Her book was nobly conceived and its execution is masterly. It is a delight to read and it will be cherished. But it is not "the great novel of the Civil War." That novel cannot be written today.

Frances Lamont Robbins.



PORT MANECH
An etching by Martin Hardie

Rome in the Gay Nineties

The Seven Vices by Giuglielmo Ferrero: Harcourt, Brace and Co. 2 volumes. $5. Published this week.

A novel by Ferrero was sure to be awaited with interest and "The Seven Vices" will not disappoint admirers of his gorgeous historical recreations, even if it does not entirely satisfy them. The faults of the book are probably due to the historian's long preoccupation with facts and a belief that in order to tell the truth, it is necessary

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to tell the whole truth. The story centers about the figure of Susanna, a young Roman matron falsely accused of murdering her husband, but so many pages are occupied with elaborate details regarding chemical analyses, bribed witnesses, a corrupt judiciary, etc., that the unfortunate girl remains a dim ghost, although she is the *raison d'être* of it all, and the novel therefore suffers some loss of interest. There are many minor characters, sketched in a lively manner, but they come between the reader and the legitimate object of his interest, Susanna, the result being like the "forest" and the "trees." We can't see the accused for the evidence in the famous trial. Such piling up of detail constitutes a serious artistic defect; values are disturbed, and a moving situation goes for naught while chemists and politicians wrangle *ad infinitum*. The epigram regarding the Brothers James might be paraphrased. If Signor Ferrero has in the past written glowing pages of history like fiction, he has in the present instance produced fiction like history. "The Seven Vices" is written in the dramatic style characteristic of the author's historical works; there is penetration, power, wit and imagination, as well as profound knowledge of the background, Rome in the Nineties. If the hand of the conscientious historian is too evident to some readers, others who admire a Zola-like attention to detail will be enthusiastic about a novel which, in its epic scope, reminds one of "The World's Illusion" by Wasserman. Oliviero, a sort of Lohengrin to the persecuted Susanna, is not unlike Christian of the earlier novel. Dissipated like other young men of Roman society, he still is moved by a passion to bring order, truth and justice out of the chaos of vice and political dishonesty which almost submerges him. The author's analysis of the complex social elements in Rome at the end of the last century is all that might be expected from a scholar of Ferrero's distinction. "The Seven Vices" is a monumental work. It has to be taken seriously whether we like it or not. Incidentally, we think the original title, "La Terza Roma," far better than "The Seven Vices" of the translation, since the period of the book is that when Rome is still on the threshold of what promises to be a brilliant era in her incomparable national life, even if it does not equal in glory the ages of the Caesars and the Popes.

MARY SHIRLEY.

The Week's Reading

Hunky by THAMES WILLIAMSON: Coward-McCann. $2.50. Published this week.

THE AUTHOR of *Hunky* knows that if you would write, today, and be praised, you must not write of crinolines and wit, of heroines with clean lips and clear eyes, or of heroes who swear blood-brotherhood. He knows that if you dress romance in dirty clothes, bob your heroine's hair and morals and set your story in a factory dump, you may be as old-fashioned as you please, at heart, and somebody will rise up and call you a "gross realist" (as a critic recommending *Hunky* to book-club subscribers has called Thames Williamson). So Mr. Williamson has taken an inarticulate immigrant who knows not whence he came nor when nor why; another immigrant who has learned to twirl American ways in his fingers as he twirls the dough for American crullers; and a little "dago" slut; and has told a story of goodness and truth as old as the hills, and as enduring. The Hunky is as dumb and patient and strong as an ox. He works in a bakery and will work there for nothing if need be so that he has things to do and no decisions to make. He is the transplanted peasant, complete. Serene he folds his hands and waits: and his own comes to him—because this is a romance. Worshipper of Bread, his friend and his girl, his soul stirs with the need of speech. And at last speech comes, halting but satisfactory, as, exalted by a fine job and the prospect of fathering another man's child, he clasps his friend's hand and hears the bells ring for his wedding. A compact scene, characters few but solid, excellent dialogue, hearty humor, a touching story and an unpretentious style; these are the qualities of a book which holds the interest by its perfect naturalness and simplicity. Not realism as we usually see it in novels: but realism, nevertheless, because there are hunkies in every town, stupid beyond belief and decent and true and tender; there are minxes in every factory and sweat-shop and sewing circle; and who shall say that there are not loyal friends in every sunshine bakery?

Joan Kennedy by HENRY CHANNON: Dutton. $2.50. Published last week.

JOAN KENNEDY'S story is a distressing, but scarcely a common one. An English girl whose youthful romance has been tragically closed by the war, she succumbs indifferently to the persistent suit of an American aviator whom she has nursed in France. After a baby and a few pleasant years in London, the young Kennedys go to America; on a visit, Joan is told, but actually to stay. The life of the English "county" girl in El Dorado, the city on the lake, is a woeful series of disillusionments and a mounting homesickness. Hope springs a few times to her breast, but facts always beat it down. Joan doesn't have enough children to keep her busy—her own fault that—and her longing for the sweet familiar ways of home grows until her days became a long melancholy remembering of youth. The book has a quality of needless wretchedness about it, but it is dramatic and psychologically

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The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDEVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta.* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque, translated from the German by A. W. Wheen: Little Brown. A searching and sensitive story of the World War which shows what the common soldier thinks of it, whatever flag he follows. Reviewed June 5.

Young Mrs. Greeley, by Booth Tarkington: Doubleday, Doran. A brilliant sketch of a common type, the little fool, stuffed with the cheap and nasty pastry of the tabloids and the movies and suffering from indigestion. Reviewed June 12.

The Black Camel, by Earl Derr Biggers: Bobbs Merrill. Charlie Chan solves another terrifying mystery.

Dodsworth, by Sinclair Lewis: Harcourt, Brace and Co. This sad and bitter story of American marriage is Lewis' best book.

Non-Fiction

Henry the Eighth, by Francis Hackett: Horace Liveright. A masterly re-creation of a striking and important historical scene. Don't miss it. Reviewed April 10.

Salt Water Taffy, by Corey Ford: Putnam. A funny if over-long parody of the "Cradle of the Deep."

The Mansions of Philosophy, by Will Durant: Simon and Schuster. Durant is good enough as a popular historian of philosophy, but doesn't amount to much as a philosopher, himself. Reviewed June 19.

The Art of Thinking, by Abbé Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. A thoughtful Frenchman writes graciously and wisely of a lost art.

A Preface to Morals, by Walter Lippmann: Macmillan. The author analyzes brilliantly the dilemma in which the sensitive intellectual finds himself today and offers a philosophy of life for modern men. Reviewed May 8th.

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Health: Public and Private

As Discussed in Recent Books

A FEW DAYS AGO the National Tuberculosis Association celebrated in Atlantic City, where it was organized in 1904, its twenty-fifth anniversary. This is a reminder, if any were needed, of the rapid developments which have taken place in the twentieth century in what we awkwardly call preventive medicine or public-health work, and also—largely a consequence—in our attitude toward health and in the average *per capita* amount of health in circulation.

Since the beginning of the anti-tuberculosis movement many other combinations of doctors, economists, social workers, business men, and other "laymen" have been formed on the same general plan. In the same period the official guardians of our health have greatly enlarged their functions and expanded their services, until the large cities of the country are spending something like six times as much for health and sanitation as they did at the opening of the century. The science of medicine has made great advances. The quality of medical education has been immensely improved, partly by eliminating many low-grade schools, and the general level of ability among practising physicians has been correspondingly raised. Hospitals have increased until they could accommodate three-fourths of the persons estimated to be sick enough, on any given day, to need hospital care—that is, they could if the beds and the sick people could be properly matched up. The number of graduate nurses, as reported by the census, increased from 11,804 in 1900 to 149,128 in 1920, when they outnumbered the physicians, and is probably over 300,000 by this time. And the morticians are complaining of lack of work.

Public-health work has already entered the universities as the subject of "cultural" undergraduate courses, presenting facts which "should be an essential part of the equipment of every college man or woman," and these courses have even reached the stage of producing text-books. A recent one—packed with facts and pictures—is "Community Hygiene" (Macmillan), by Dean Franklin Smiley, M.D., and Adrian Gordon Gould, M.D., of the department of hygiene in Cornell University.

Another evidence—likewise a cause—of advance in this field is the number of books written by doctors on their own subjects avowedly, and very successfully, for the general public. Dr. William H. Park, for example, director of the bureau of laboratories of the New York City department of health, and his colleague, Dr. Anna W. Williams, in "Who's Who Among the Microbes" (Century) give us intimate glimpses of the private life of these "invisible, omnipresent enemies and friends," show us their portraits, and erect their hypothetical family tree. And this book "grew out of a series of radio talks."

"A Short History of Medicine" (Oxford University Press), by Charles Singer, M.A., M.D., Litt.D., Oxford, and lecturer in the University of London, begins with the explanation that "The position that Medical Science has now assumed in the social polity demands that all educated men and women should have some knowledge of the subject." A rich store of learning enables Dr. Singer to present a well proportioned, comprehensive account, in sequence, of the discoveries through the ages which have brought medicine to its present stage. His clear and simple text is supplemented by 142 illustrations of unusual value, such as Galen's physiological system, Leonardo da Vinci's drawing of a dissection of the heart, and a beautifully posed and "remarkably accurate" skeleton from the classic work of Vesalius, published in 1543. As for the future, Dr. Singer's word to "those who would promote the health of mankind" is that they "would do well if they sought to encourage not so much the medical sciences as Science as a whole, or rather Learning as a whole, for Science is a way of life which may penetrate into all departments of Learning, and is something far greater than those discrete accumulations of knowledge that we call the sciences."

Less comprehensive, bulkier, ten ounces heavier on the scale, and more "popular" is "Devil, Drugs, and Doctors" (Harper), by Howard W. Haggard, M.D., associate professor of applied physiology in Yale University. This is not a consecutive chronological history, but separate accounts of progress in certain overlapping fields. Much curious information about practices and beliefs of past ages (and of today) is brought together, and the suffering for which ignorance and superstition have been (and are still) responsible is made very vivid. This book too is enriched by many illustrations from original sources—147 in fact—very few of which duplicate those used by Dr. Singer. There are fewer reproductions of scientific landmarks and more of pictures by artists: such as a caricature of 1800 of a midwife hurrying to a case; Daumier's etching of a patient in bed with a corpse—a common occurrence in hospitals two or three centuries ago; contemporary posters of the burial of plague victims in London in 1665 and 1666; an obstetrical chair in use, from a sixteenth-century woodcut; and from the works of a Dutch physician, dated 1681, a doctor performing his manipulations on a parturient woman with a sheet tied securely around his neck and under the patient's arms, out of regard for her modesty.

The general condition of medicine in the United States from 1775 to 1928 forms the background of "A History of the Medical Department of the United States Army" (Houghton Mifflin), by Colonel P. M. Ashburn, librarian of the army medical library. Colonel Ashburn's story, in the words of Surgeon General Ireland, is "true, wholly free from exaggeration, documented and accurate, but not long drawn out or hard to read." For the general reader it is a reminder that modern medicine and sanitation are indeed of very recent development, and that the army has made notable contributions to that development.

A book written primarily for persons engaged in, or responsible for, one branch of nursing, but also of general interest, is "The Nurse in Public Health" (Harper), by Mary Beard, assistant director of the Division of Medical Education of the Rockefeller Foundation. Miss Beard discusses "some current problems of public-health nursing administration" (the jacket says "all") in the light of twenty-five years' experience, and describes certain activities of which she has personal knowledge in foreign countries.

As a corrective to undue complacency it is salutary, especially for us Americans, to be reminded by Miss Beard and Dr. Haggard of our disgraceful mortality among women at childbirth, as compared with that of England, Denmark, Sweden, and some other European countries; by Dr. Singer that there are still "whole departments" of medical knowledge in which "no progress has been made;" and to read, in "Health Work in Soviet Russia" by Anna J. Haines (Vanguard Press) of the ultra-modern and comprehensive system which has been set up in a country where the conditions for most of the population a dozen years ago were almost medieval.

EDWARD T. DEVINE.

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Speaking of Books

(Continued from Page 431)

interesting. For its sharply contrasting pictures of life and people in England and in El Dorado, and for the skill with which the sense of Joan's progressive despair is insinuated into a direct, objective narrative, the novel is praiseworthy.

The Waters of Africa: Trader Horn. Volume Three by ALFRED A. HORN and ETHELREDA LEWIS: Simon and Schuster. $3.50. Published last week.

IF YOU HAVEN'T had enough of Trader Horn, you will find some of his most entertaining yarns in this new book. It starts off with a diverting conversation in which he gives his plans for a new story, outlining characters and setting, with a neat comprehension of what the public wants. The story follows, a wild tale of treasure-hunting on the African East Coast, fifty years ago, spotted with rich dialogue. Miscellaneous sketches of Africa complete the volume. Mrs. Lewis manages to keep the näive manner free from too obvious self-consciousness. One must stop and consider, to realize how deliberate it is.

Other Recent Books

Received too late for detailed review

SCHOLARSHIP, sound feeling and charm of style have gone into *Literary Ethics* by H. M. Paull (Dutton), a book which is a study of the growth of the literary conscience from the days when the forgery of documents, chiefly for propaganda purposes, was a common and accepted practice to the present day when the literary hoax, when exposed, is usually dismissed as a joke in poor taste. If you have ever looked up a quotation in Bartlett and been amazed to discover the number of authors to whom it may be credited, you will not be surprised at some of the revelations in this book. But what may surprise you is the variety of the ethical questions which enter the fields of writing and publishing and the number of great writers guilty of questionable practices. Plagiarism, censorship, biographical candor, copyright, dramatic adaptions are some of the topics discussed and illuminated by Mr. Paull's able and beguiling pen. Every page is fascinating.

The Middle Ages by Edward M. Hulme (Holt) is a sympathetic, readable study of the western world from the decay of Rome until 1300. It is erudite and at the same time written in a smooth unpretentious style which will please the non-specializing reader. We have found the chapters on the dissolution of the Roman empire and on the patristic period especially interesting because they dwell upon a phase of medieval civilization too frequently slighted in histories designed for the general reader, and slighted to the reader's subsequent confusion. The bibliographies attached to each chapter are rich and tempting.

Readers of history will be glad to hear of a new series, "The Background of History," published by Dutton under the editorship of Cyril H. Hartman. The books are well edited and excellent in format. The first volume is *Memoirs of Captain Carleton,* the journals of an English officer who served in the Dutch war of 1672 and was a prisoner in Spain during Peterborough's campaign. The preface by Sir Walter Scott to an earlier edition is included. The second volume in the series is *Memoirs of Leonora Christina,* the curious journal kept by a Seventeenth Century Danish princess during her twenty years' imprisonment in Copenhagen.

The Letters of Tolstoy and His Cousin, Countess Alexandra Tolstoy, 1857-1903 are translated (and not too well) by Leo Islavin (Dutton). The material in the letters is invaluable to readers and students of Tolstoy. He corresponded with his cousin throughout his life, although he seems to have visited her rarely. She was in his complete confidence, received his explanation of his theories and heard his plans for his work. Tolstoy once spoke of their correspondence as his "best autobiography," and in her "Recollections" the Countess says "his personality being so much more striking and interesting than mine, we concentrated, of course, on him." Nevertheless, her own contribution to the correspondence is brilliant.

On the High Seas by E. Keble Chatterton (Lippincott) is fine summer reading for sea-going vacationists or temporarily incapacitated sea-dogs. The stories told range from tales of piracy when it was picturesque to tales of U-boat warfare and Q ships. They are well told by a past master, at the typewriter as at sea.

How to Speak Effectively by George

"Extraordinary"
!
ANDREW JOHNSON
A Study in Courage
By Lloyd Paul Stryker

"Monumental . . . The work is thorough and scholarly . . . it presents a picture of the politieal horizon of the '60s that is not to be equaled in any other work of similar scope."—*New York Herald Tribune*

"It is interesting. It is fascinating. It is entertaining . . . (The reviewer) is ready to award it the Pulitzer biography prize for 1929 without reading any of the rest . . . He is almost ready to say that Parkman and Prescott and Macaulay never wrote anything better. If there are any other ways of saying that this is a book that should be in every gentleman's library, consider them said."—*Chicago Evening Post*

"One of the most powerful and absorbing stories to appear in recent years."—*New York Sun*

"It is an extraordinary book that Mr. Stryker has written."—*New York Times*

$6.00
at bookstores
The Macmillan Company

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Eric Peabody (Wiley) is a useful book, so simply written with so much to the point that it serves as an excellent illustration of itself. It is no orator's guide but it will help the ordinary mortal, called upon with increasing frequency to speak out in meeting, to know how to "stand up, speak up and shut up."

Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Edward D. Sullivan's Rattling the Cup on Chicago Crime Vanguard

A well written book about racketeering in Chicago, which will serve to coordinate the bits of knowledge about Scarface Al Capone, Dion O'Banion, Bugs Moran, Mayor Bill Thompson and other prominent Chicagoans which you have picked up through newspaper accounts of gang battles, election scandals and bootleg rings in the past few years. Its purpose, says the author, a Chicago newspaper man who knows personally many of the gangsters, "is to explain what the whizzing bullets of Chicago's Gangland are aimed at—and why. To give insight into the combustion which bombs political candidates out of their homes; to show why a legion of Chicago policemen have been slain, why an Assistant State's Attorney was murdered with two dead gangsters in the automobile beside him, and how it happened that seven men were lined up in a garage gang headquarters and torn to pieces with three hundred machine gun bullets." And having done this, adequately and in some detail, Mr. Sullivan shows that although in the past five years seventy "big shots"—not to mention hundreds of lesser lights—have been killed in connection with booze, beer, gambling and vice feuds in Chicago, in only one instance were the alleged slayers even brought to trial. But recently things have taken a turn for the better. Under Chicago's new Police Commissioner, William Russell, conditions are already becoming more difficult for the racketeer. Reform is under way in Chicago.

Mary Hastings Bradley's Trailing the Tiger Appleton

From Rangoon to the Malay Peninsula, to Sumatra, Java, and at last to Indo-China, the trail led, and they got their tiger in the highlands of the last named country, after a remarkable display of the one quality which a tiger hunter must possess—unlimited patience. A pleasant, gossipy, non-statistical travel book. But don't be misled by the group picture of the three tigers on the jacket—there is only one real tiger in the book.

The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

IF the last half of "Whoopee,"—Eddie Cantor's vehicle which promises to remain at the New Amsterdam all summer—if "Whoopee" is any criterion, Mr. Ziegfeld does well to announce that he will not produce any more revues. For to this observer, at least, the old formula, which has admittedly become pretty well shop-worn in the hands of a dozen other producers, has now failed even Mr. Ziegfeld himself.

Done with no enthusiasm or originality, without a single novel twist, the mechanical parade of beauty which hitherto has provided the grand climax of so many Ziegfeld shows no longer possesses any element of interest for Broadway—not even when staged in such an unexpected place as a Southwestern Indian village.

Evidently, neither time nor place, nor money can revive the once potent formula. The audience yawns. In fact, "Whoopee" would have been better off without Mr. Ziegfeld and his parade at all.

The original plot of the show—used by Owen Davis in the "Nervous Wreck"—possessed great possibilities and realized many of them. A hypochondriac, who has hitherto secured his ego from the number and severity of his illnesses and operations, through a series of events in a southwestern desert sanitarium finds himself being eloped with by a beautiful young lady (yes, we mean it that way) and is forced to hold up a party of motorists at the point of a pistol in order to secure enough gasoline to escape the wrath of the pursuing sheriff.

The brand of ego thus unexpectedly provided is so heady and inviting a concoction that the invalid is charmed, and proceeds to abandon showing the scars of his operations to all and sundry, in favor of wholesale gun play and cowboy heroics—a rôle which, barring an occasional return to nerves, he finds so completely to his liking that he ends by being a tremendous hero.

Consider this rôle, now, played by Mr. Cantor in his best Wide-eyed, Timid Soul Manner, and you most certainly have the promise of an entertaining evening in the theatre.

NOR DOES the first act disappoint. Quite remarkable is Mr. Cantor's perception of the subtle points of the rôle. And even more remarkable is the hold which he so apparently has on his audience. Not even Will Rogers carries his crowd so completely with him as does Eddie Cantor—partly perhaps because the Hebrew is able to project his humor and finesse without a break from the dramatic depths of the spoken word to the ridiculous heights of the patter song; whereas Will Rogers will never sing "Whoopee" as it can be seen and heard in the New Amsterdam Theatre these nights.

Comes the second act, however—and—well, the second act comes. You know; Indians and pueblos and painted canyons, and cowboy dancers and flowered-spangled Lady Godivas on white horses, and chorus girls in various stages of dress and undress that no desert every knew or thought of—and well, that sort of thing. In the general disappointment exeunt Owen Davis and the plot and enter terrible things like Indian lovers and heaven knows what—and alas, "Whoopee" has gone the way of musical shows since first Broadway producers heard of them.

Remain only a thing called "The Modernistic Ballet," worthy of Noel Coward in his most fantastic moods and some mournful glimpses of Eddie Cantor—and "Whoopee" is over.

TWO THINGS struck us as interesting. Mr. Cantor had painted his old Ford—"practically a new car!"—with a sign which announced in large letters "No Liquor Here, Don't Shoot." The second was just a joke, indicative of the current all pervasive influence of Wall Street—distinctly a phenomenon of the last five years. Asked what his temperature was, Mr. Cantor, taking the thermometer from his mouth, replied: "It's a hundred and five. When it goes to a hundred and ten, I'll split it four to one." Altogether, "Whoopee" is an example of what a good comedian can do to fill a large theatre night after night with hugely entertained audiences who pronounce it a good evening despite the complete lack of charming melodic music—and minus vaudeville attractions and a talented leading lady. If it ever goes into the talkies, Heaven help us.

[*Beginning in next week's issue*

THE BACKGROUND OF A CRUSADER

The Story of Carry Nation

By HERBERT ASBURY

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"Broadway"

HERE IS A SHOW we are very glad to recommend to you, although it's as full of faults as the street for which it was named.

"Broadway," the talking movie, is good entertainment because its stage predecessor was, and in spite of its stupid deviations from the original. How seriously these excursions away from the authentic hurt the picture from the standpoint of the verities is a matter too large for discussion in this space. It remains that "Broadway" was, and still is, such a fine play that it ought to be seen.

Glenn Tryon, a young man who has caused us more than once to wish we had a handy dish of nails to chew up while he acted, acquits himself rather better than usual as the pitiful, preposterous hoofer. His rendition falls so far below that of Lee Tracy on the stage that it were futile to attempt a comparison; but he is plenty good enough in the part to satisfy actual requirements. The others of the cast give performances that measure up to standard in practically all cases and leave no room for especially violent complaint, even when compared with Sylvia Field, Robert Gleckler and John Ray, of the original cast.

Mr. Laemmle has, in certain phases of his production, succeeded in conveying the same impression that he did in his unhappy version of "Show Boat:" that of a moneyed gentleman who has bought something of considerable value, and doesn't quite know what to do with it. His cabaret setting was designed in evident forgetfulness of the fact that none of the characters in "Broadway" could have found jobs in such a ritzy joint, or had access to it as regulars. They belonged peculiarly to the second-rate atmosphere implied by the Messrs. Dunning, Harris and Abbott and in that sort of setting they should have been left.

But these things are too complicated for old-time Hollywood and don't make much difference, anyway.

"The Four Feathers"

OF THIS PICTURE we had high hopes, but none of them were justified. The book from which the story was adapted was a favorite of our youth; we had often thought what a good movie it would make.

When we heard that the photographers of "Grass" and "Chang" had been commissioned to make "Four Feathers" and that William Powell and Clive Brook were to act in it, we found ourself looking forward to it with pleasurable palpitations and when we discovered that it was nothing more nor less than a huge bore, resentment struggled with regret in our bosom.

Don't ask us to tell you what is wrong with "The Four Feathers;" in terms of our preconceived notions of the picture, everything seems to be wrong. It all comes under the head of Just Too Bad.

They have made two editions of many good stories in the movies, and in some cases dozens. This story could well be presented again a few years from now, provided nearly everything in it were different from the present production.

Survival

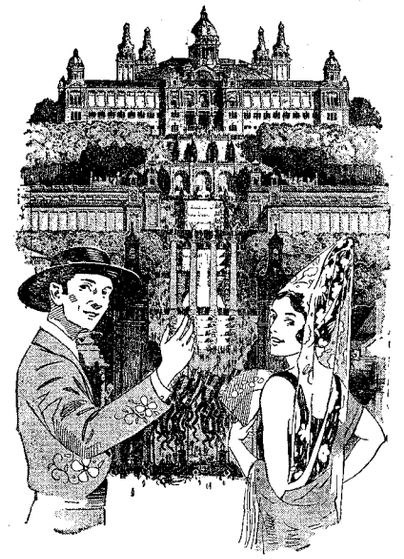
IT HAS INTERESTED this department very much to observe the records made in talking pictures by actors and actresses who had hitherto distinguished themselves only, or chiefly, by their work on the silent screen.

Conrad Nagel was the first prominent movie actor to face a microphone and Dolores Costello the first actress. Mr. Nagel held his own and Miss Costello did not. Next, Miss May McAvoy essayed an audible rôle and again one wished she hadn't. Later such people as Lionel Barrymore, Pauline Frederick, Richard Bennett, Bert Lytell and other veterans of the speaking stage began to be heard in the talkies and the consensus appeared to be that they would inherit the earth.

Then along came George Bancroft, Bessie Love, Warner Baxter, Johnny Arthur and some others whose training had been mostly movie. They showed that movie technique may be used by an actor on the talking screen and the voice added thereto without sacrificing much to stage tradition.

It's a condition that will bear a lot of study, this business of setting up a movie idol in such a specialized profession as vocal histrionics. We know that Mary Pickford, for example, had stage training and was a success on the stage.

We're working out this problem by means of long and very boring tabulations which we shall force upon you before long, if only the hot weather will let up a bit.



Little Journeys in Spain

COMES the dawn, in the kingdom of enchantment . . . playtime approaches . . . the joyous wayfarer sets forth on a wondrous journey of romance . . . adventures—into the land of Don Quixote—into Barcelona, city of ancient galleon days — picturesque — fascinating and rich in culture . . . modern by all measures—fast transportation service—superb motoring—hotels of continental perfection . . . The Great International Exposition of Barcelona will be the "high spot" in your 1929 travels.

Apply to any Tourist Bureau or write to M. Ventura, Steinway Hall, 113 West 57th Street, New York City.

INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION OF BARCELONA

May to December

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Forecast

The Outlook and Independent Announces

THE FIRST INSTALLMENT of "The Background of a Crusader, the Story of Carry Nation," by Mr. Herbert Asbury will appear in our next issue. We make this announcement with great pleasure as we feel confident that this study of the psychology of reform will provoke considerable discussion. "I never saw anything that needed rebuke, exhortation or warning," Mr. Asbury quotes Carry Nation, "but that I felt it my duty to meddle with it." The sentence is significant. We hasten, however, to add that Mr. Asbury's book is in no way propaganda. He has been at considerable pains to discover the facts of Carry Nation's history. Irrespective of personal opinions on the subject of prohibition we think you will derive from this biography a more sympathetic understanding of the character and career of this famous reformer.

THE CONTRIBUTOR TO the editorial page next week will be Dr. Isaiah Bowman, Director of the American Geographical Society and author of "The New World." Dr. Bowman will discuss geography in relation to human life.

WHAT THE FUTURE of the American economic policy of mass production and consumption will be is a question decidedly to the fore at the moment. In an article "Our New Conception of Thrift," Mr. William O. Scroggs, an editorial associate of the New York "World" analyzes the new economic theory.

WE HAVE ALWAYS wondered what effect naturalization has upon the individual acquiring American citizenship. In his article, "The Return of the Native," Mr. Stoyan Christowe, a frequent magazine contributor, gives a vivid description of his feelings on returning to the country of his birth.

CONSIDERING THE prominence lately given to prohibition in the press we announce for next week an article, "Noble in Motive, a Portrait of Seymour Lowman," by Mr. Henry F. Pringle, one of the editors of The Outlook and Independent. Mr. Pringle gives a portrait of the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and make a few observations on the indiscriminate use of fire arms.

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

THE DU PONT Corporation now offers its washable window-shade material in printed modern patterns in colors. There are six three-color patterns on an ecru background. These can be had printed on the inside of the shade only, so that they will match the decorations of the individual rooms, and still keep the outside of the house uniform in appearance.

SOME VERY GOOD awning cloths are made by Otis—the yarn being dyed before weaving, so that the colors are weatherproof. The fabric is so woven that both sides are alike, and the awnings are consequently as attractive from below or from the inside of the house as they are from the outside. They come in striped and solid colors. They make a nice covering for outdoor furniture.

There are some modern designs in one kind of awning cloth. This is painted, of rough texture but firm weave, and has a permanent waterproof and wrinkleproof finish. It is said to wear indefinitely.

WE HAD occasion last week to call your attention to the literary style of certain Kodak advertising; may we today commend the cosmopolitan sophistication of a later example of it? There is a new line of kodaks in blue, gray, green, lavender and old rose which take a picture 1⅝ by 2½ inches. "Frankly French in spirit are these newest members of the Kodak family. The name which has been given them perfectly describes them for the charming diminutive cameras that they are." And the name? "Kodaks Petite." Could anything be more gay, more *insouciant*, more chic? The very liberties it takes with the grammatical rules adds to its charm. And it takes a certain courage, a certain gallant unconventionality, to be frankly French in spirit, even in these days. "Mon Dieu!" we exclaimed when we saw the advertisement, "quelle verve!"

PRETTY DARN fine writing anywhere you turn in the magazines these days. Here's the Fine Art Tea and Coffee—put up in crystals, so that you just add hot or cold water and serve. "For two thousand years tea was made in the same way . . . until modern scientists wrought a miracle by liberating the delicious flavor from leaf and blossom without infusion . . . sealing it . . . heart and soul . . . in diminutive flashing crystals until released by you." And so on, dots and all. It's like reading H. G. Wells. "Fascinating scintillating crystals . . . each imprisoning for you alone the delicate fragrance of India's choicest tea gardens." And some people read Shakespeare and Shelley and Robert Service! What a pretty conceit, the heart and soul of the tea leaf imprisoned like a fairy princess in a tawny crystal, until the prince comes along with his kettle of hot water, and lo! the spirit of the tea, bewitched by the wicked scientist, becomes magically its true self again—and just for him.

THERE'S a new tennis racquet out which allows you to loosen or tighten the strings by turning the tip of the handle. You can loosen it when not in use, thus preventing snapping of strings and warping of frame; then when you are ready to play, tighten it to the desired tension. It has been approved, we understand, by a number of experts.

A COUPLE of nice coffee tables at Lord & Taylor's, the legs—or rather the frames—being of metal, chromium plated, and the tops of colored leather or of thick black glass. Square tops. Modernistic, of course.

AFTER ALL, why shouldn't there be an ice box in the dining room? The Frigidaire people have evidently been expending some thought on this problem, and have evolved a combination buffet and refrigerator which is a good looking piece of furniture, with two drawers at the top for silver and linen and so on, and three cupboards below, two of which contain the refrigerator, ice drawers, storage space for cold things, the third cupboard for glass, china or whatever else is necessary. It not only looks like a buffet, it is a buffet—and an ice box too.

CONVENIENCE Bags are made for various purposes: there are some to keep vegetables in in the refrigerator; clothes-pin bags which stay open and have a steel pin to stick in the ground which keeps them at a convenient height; bags to crack ice in; and big bags to keep in the cellar for trash and rubbish. These latter have a wide top that stays open so that it's not necessary to hold them open when filling.

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

The Park Policeman

A CERTAIN Park Policeman, one day of early summer, stood staring balefully at a bright strip of lawn in front of him. He was considering the human race. Animals for instance—sheep especially—are a great improvement. Train one of them and you have the pack; you know what to expect. But people (and by people he meant women) were the last hysterical fancy of an exhausted creator. Just enough brains they had to meddle in life; not enough to use.

She couldn't have been over twenty. She sat there on the bright spring grass and felt of the sun the way a cat does. There was something shameful in it. From her behavior she might have just moved into the park and decided, seeing as she had everything with her, that this was home.

He nodded his head derisively as he watched her. That's right! Pick a spot belonging to the city, with a large sign on it saying KEEP OFF, and set up housekeeping with a newspaper and a bag of lunch. He'd a great mind to arrest her.

But at that moment she was staring at the top of a tree. Involuntarily he lifted his eyes. There was no airplane in sight. Only the moving of leaves, with nothing visible to be stirring them. She stared upwards without knowing he was there. He had seen the same look before elsewhere in the park. The squirrels had it. And the babies. Well, maybe she would notice the sign in a minute and move on.

Half an hour later and she had not gone. He stopped and stared, and for all his contempt of women, he could not believe his eyes. She had eaten her lunch, she had read the news and in every direction she had thrown the papers about her. Defacing the Park! And the way she sat—letting her hand lie as though she were catching up the sun—staring around at the leaves as though they were alive.

The Park Policeman coughed loudly behind his hand, but the small wanton creature never saw him. And as he stared at her unconscious happiness—at her vandalism—he felt his wrath surge to his collar. He began to choke. He strode brusquely in her direction. He stood so close beside her that the new grass flattened and the papers rattled under his feet. So close that he could stoop and touch her authoritatively upon the shoulder. At that touch she turned up to him suddenly just the startled agonized look that he had seen in a bird once caught and struggling in his fist. For a moment it threw him off his decision and then he choked again.

"Say!" he wanted to know, "what's the idea? You can read, can't you? What call have you got to go breaking the law? Sitting on the grass and throwing papers about! Come along with me."

She had risen to her feet and was standing beside him. He waited for her to speak but she said nothing, only stood there shaking, that look upon her face. Hell! What sort of dame was this?

With an awkward gesture for her to follow he started off in the purposeful direction of the police station. He tried not to look at her again. She was coming along like a doll that walked by machinery. What a way to take a little thing like a reproof! After the bold way she had been acting.

She followed him into the police station with a face like death, and suddenly he felt that he had killed her. Why couldn't she speak, or make a sign—or cry even? He began to wish that he had never noticed her. He found it took an effort to enter the complaint, and all at once he knew it was not anger. It was indignation that choked him. That they should ever make such foolish laws!

The magistrate was looking sternly at the prisoner, wanting to know her name. She caught her breath and whispered it, and where she lived. The magistrate leaned towards her and she raised her terrified face.

"One dollar," pronounced the magistrate, "or one day in jail."

The Park Policeman waited eagerly. One dollar, that was all, then she was free again! As he had first seen her.

But the prisoner was crying. She was trying to explain something to the magistrate. "I didn't know," gasped the prisoner, "I didn't know it was against the law." Over and over, she tried to say it to the magistrate. As if they couldn't understand her.

The Policeman watched her in an agony. Where was her pocketbook? Had she no money? The thought of her in jail was like a sudden bullet in his heart. He clutched the inside of his pocket and stammered something incoherent and held out a dollar to the magistrate. If only she would stop trying to explain—if only she would stop crying.

"All right," said the magistrate taking the dollar, "everything's all right now."

But still she would not look at him. Still with her head in her hands, tears splashing through her fingers, the little creature that had reminded him of a squirrel—or a baby—ran past the Park Policeman as if he were not there.

Man's Evolution Today

(Continued from Page 423)

that are of deeper and perhaps more intensive nature. Many pathological conditions produce hereditary effects; yet pathology is only the harmful action of various agencies which in smaller strength or under other circumstances may be harmless or even beneficial.

Of acquired traits some are not but some are inherited. Much depends on the definition and restriction of the concept "acquired." If there are excluded all those acquisitions that result from blood mixture, or that seem to appear spontaneously, then the problem is simplified; but if the term "acquisitions" be extended to all the characters and grades that did not exist in the ancestry but appear in an individual, then it is certain that many such are hereditary.

Scientific studies have actually shown that various features are progressively increasing or decreasing, and that these changes are inheritable. They are true evolutionary changes. Evolution may proceed by progressive or regressive processes or both. Civilized males are losing the hair of the head. Less civilized whites lose decidedly less, other primitive peoples lose normally none at all or but little. Among civilized whites there are already not a few families in which the loss begins especially early, or progresses very far, in a clearly hereditary way. The Americans of the older stock have increased considerably in stature, diminished in the bulk of their cheek bones, and show physiognomic and other alterations that are already hereditary (see "The Old Americans," 80, Waverly Press, Baltimore, 1926). And there are family types, tribal types, regional and national types, that have been forming similarly.

The anthropologist sees further human evolution not merely possible, as possible as it ever was, if not more so, but actually progressing in various ways before his very eyes. Not evenly, nor in all men; but in all those who are under the influence of now active evolutionary factors; and such factors themselves are seen evolving.

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Has the Specialist Failed?

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of the medical work done there. My city is one of about half a million population. What is true there must be true elsewhere. I know of my own knowledge there are plenty of good general practitioners in New York and Chicago. If you will take the same amount of trouble to find a good general practitioner as you do to find a specialist when you need him, I guarantee your search for him will not go unrewarded.

"But," you object again, "modern medical science is so complicated that no one man can grasp the whole of it." More sophistry. Science does not make things complicated: it makes them simple. I will take two illustrations. The greatest accomplishment that medical science has made in my time is the prevention of typhoid fever by vaccination.

Does this magnificent boon to the human race require a specialist to perform it? On the contrary it is so simple that a modern specialist would scorn to be asked to administer it. It can be done by a nurse or a sergeant in the army—even by a nose-and-throat man. There isn't enough money in it for a specialist.

Again, take the recently discovered cure for pernicious anemia. Here is the conquest of a previously fatal disease, a very common disease, a disease always considered complex and degenerative in character. When discovered, was the cure of this complex, dangerous disease so involved that only by long arduous practice a specially trained man could perform it? Well, you may judge for yourself. It consisted in telling the patient to eat a half a pound of liver a day. Thus today any general practitioner can treat a case of pernicious anemia far better than the best blood specialist could ten years ago. The diagnosis was always simple—medical students make the diagnosis on patients in bed as they walk through the wards. No, the advance of science does not complicate things—it simplifies them.

The general practitioner can treat perfectly competently ninety-eight per cent of the patients who apply to him. Not ninety-eight per cent of diseases, but ninety-eight per cent of patients. Minor surgery, pregnancy and labor, the ordinary problems of children, most of the diseases of women, the commonest medical diseases (such as measles, pneumonia, "rheumatism," "dyspepsia," ulcer of the stomach, heart failure, diabetes, goiter, high blood pressure and anemia), common skin and rectal diseases, many eye diseases and such personal preventive medicine as typhoid, smallpox and diphtheria vaccination—these constitute ninety-eight per cent of the reasons for going to a doctor. The general practitioner is perfectly competent to handle all of them. He has been drilled in all of them over and over in medical school. Neither their diagnosis nor treatment are complicated.

The general practitioner has a hospital where the patient can be placed if necessary (if he hasn't, there is something fundamentally wrong with the community where he practices), and in the hospital such laboratory and X-ray examinations as are advisable can be carried out just as well as on the specialist's patient.

The greatest advantage of the general practitioner is that he sees the patient not only as an example of a diseased human being—a laboratory animal—but in all of his human, economic and social relationships. He knows his family, his domestic and business problems, his fears, hates, loves, frustrations and desires. One anecdote exemplifies all of this. A woman was compelled to nurse or at least to be constantly in the house with her father, who was dying a lingering death from cancer of the bowel. Naturally, the harrowing experience made her very nervous. When she herself developed some bladder irritability, she thought she would not call up the family practitioner who was attending her father, but she telephoned a specialist. Naturally she was worried about cancer. She described her symptoms to the specialist, who very properly told her she should come to his office for an examination. She asked, "Doctor, could this be cancer?" The specialist replied "Yes, it could be." At which she emitted a loud shriek and fainted away. After three days of hysteria, it was found she had a very simple condition which responded easily to treatment.

The point of the story is that the family physician, if he had been consulted, would never have made the mistake of saying her trouble could be cancer. He would have known too much of her present preoccupations with her father's illness. The family physician knows the patient in all that patient's many contacts and relationships and therefore is any patient's best medical advisor.

The institution of the general practitioner will also go far to stop the high cost of doctoring. But that, as Kipling used to say, is another story.

Town Gossip

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I suggested something of this to him and wondered if his vigilance was a characteristic of the vaudeville stage. He said that it was. "You can play a half-filled house on a dead matinee in some hick town and not be sure there wasn't some scout for a big producer out front. You've always got to do your best." Every Sunday night he used to stay in "The Graphic" office, through the following morning until 3 or 4, reading the last editions of the Monday "Times," "Tribune" and "World" to make sure that not a sentence or phrase of his Monday column had been used in any way in any of the editions of the big papers. Every one of his sentences had to be a news scoop.

He knew six days in advance of its publication that President Hoover was to appoint Stimson secretary of state. He was the first to announce that Al Smith had telephoned to the unwilling Franklin Roosevelt to accept the nomination for governor and save the Democratic Party of New York State. He announced, weeks in advance, the resignation of Herbert Bayard Swope as executive editor of "The World." But the scoops in which he expresses the greatest pride were his announcement of the marriage of Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler, at which he hinted for weeks, and the identification of some rich merchant in whose company Peggy Hopkins Joyce had been photographed at Palm Beach. He also takes most seriously credit for the phrase, "making whoopee," and comes closest to bridling when his claim is challenged.

There is something pathetically infantile in the serious way in which he takes himself, in the intensity with which he pursues his little paragraphs of personalia. He informs me that he is discarding purely scandalous items, often throwing away as much as he prints, and that he never couples the names of two persons if either of them is married to someone else. Furthermore, he protests that never has he accepted a gratuity or bribe from anybody, that he is indebted to no press agent and that no one has anything on him. I have heard from other sources, however, that theatrical press agents are among his chief sources of information, that they break their necks to provide him with some exclusive tid-bit of information for the sake of the puffs they may receive in return. His best sources of information, he tells me, are reporters on other papers.

Eternal vigilance is the price of being a Walter Winchell.

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Trade With Russia

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of Lenin any measure of control over Russia, would mean his immediate extinction from public life. However logical and desirable our American bankers may think this project, it would not seem, at present, politically feasible.

Failing to obtain long-term financing, despite the protests of M. Bron, the Russians nevertheless are able today to secure increasingly abundant short-term credits in America. Whether with these alone, they can carry through their industrialization program is anybody's guess. There is no question that these short-term credits are helping tremendously.

There are signs that the Russians intend to play England, now that the new Labor Government is in office, against the United States. On the same day that the news arrived of MacDonald's victory, stories were given out by Amtorg of the huge volume of business which the Russians planned to do with us. Accompanying them was M. Bron's diplomatic warning. These same stories were also sent to England, there to spur on both the Labor Party and the British business man.

Besides America and England, Russia has great hopes that Germany, now freed by the Young Plan, will continue to aid her. A large part of German-Russian trade has been financed, in the past, by money borrowed by Germany in New York, and Germany can no longer borrow here except at a high rate of interest. Consequently the Russians are nearly as happy about the reparations settlement as the Germans.

What the Soviets cannot buy on short-term credit, they must pay for in goods. They are working desperately to increase their exportable surplus. It may perhaps horrify rich, old dowagers in sables to learn they are the great mainstay of Communism. Furs are the chief export of Russia, one half of the exports to the United States. The Standard of New Jersey and the Vacuum Oil Company, by buying Russian oil, contribute $10,000,000 annually to the upkeep of the Communists. Americans pay the Soviets $2,500,000 a year for casings. Casings, in case you are curious, are what "hot dogs" are enclosed in, and which split open when the "hot dogs" are made hot. Also there is gold, the ideal export of a debtor nation. The Soviets have placed A. Serebrovsky, the genius who rehabilitated their oil industry, at the head of the Gold Syndicate. Potentially Russia ranks near South Africa as a source for gold.

Something more than year ago, the U. S. Assay Office haughtily refused to receive Russian gold. "With an unfavorable trade balance. . . which in some years even necessitates exports of gold," M. Bron declares, commenting on this incident, "the problem of creating normal conditions for the movement of Soviet gold to the United States, similar to those enjoyed by Soviet gold in Europe, must be solved." The Coolidge Administration thought differently. President Hoover as yet has given no indication of a changed attitude.

No one, least of all the Communists themselves, believes they are out of the economic woods, nor anywhere near it. But they are on their way. Some of their industrialization program we know about. Before five years are up, Colonel Cooper's Dneiperostroy will set whirring Mr. Young's electric machinery, and factories, under the stimulus of cheap power, will spring up like mushrooms after a heavy dew. Mr. Campbell's state farm, ploughed by Mr. Ford's tractors, will gently wave with wheat, which, milled into flour, will be baked in the McCormick Company's ovens. Perhaps it is unnecessary to go on with the steel mills, textile factories, coal mines, radio stations, which American capital has already agreed to provide. The United States, commonly regarded as the country which typifies capitalism, is, at present, doing what may be done to solidify the position of the Soviets. The United States Trade Delegation which will visit Moscow this month in a way stands as a symbol of one of the most significant things which is happening anywhere.

Beethoven: A Biography

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money;[1] and that, when on the point of selling another, he found he needed only to cash the coupon. No, the sort of mental falsification of accounts which Sonneck attributed to Beethoven cannot fully relieve the dying Master of the charge of dishonesty; although his fault dwindles when we consider the ridiculous disparity between an estate of approximately $8,800 and the incalculable treasures he bequeathed to us.

As a rule the greater the artist, the less he rationalizes about the quality of his own creations. He glosses over few misgivings on this subject. But he is human—often more so than most people—and has to strike a balance somewhere. So he usually compensates for his austere aesthetic probity by rationalizing his private life even more extravagantly than the average man.

The lofty artistic rectitude of the last sonatas and quartets, symbolized by the Kyd incident,[2] probably allowed Beethoven to make peace with his conscience for throwing a heavy stool at the servant's head, and for obtaining money from the Philharmonic through false representations.

As Dr. Max Friedländer aptly says: "The virtue of lofty natures is unminted gold which does not pass current in the business of daily life. Such men bless peoples more easily than individual people. It is more natural for them to bestow seed-corn than bread. Such a soul is no watering-can for the refreshment of someone's favorite gilly-flower, but a stormy flood that quenches the thirst of wide fields and lofty oaks."

To every one's relief, on January 2, 1827, after another quarrel with his uncle, Karl left Vienna and joined his regiment at Iglau. On the third, Beethoven drew up a will making the young man "sole and universal heir" of all his property.

A note to Schindler, probably written late in February, shows that the great mind had even then begun to grow confused. Schindler had evidently been laid up by some mischance.

> About your accident, since it has happened, as soon as we see one another.—Without inconvenience I can send to you by somebody, accept this;—here is something Moscheles, Cramer; without your having received a letter, there will be a new occasion to write you Wednesday and lay my affairs to his heart, if you are not well by that time one of my—can take it to the post against a receipt.—*Vale et fave.* —There is no need of my assuring you of my sympathy in your accident—do take the food from me, all given from the heart—Heaven be with you, your true friend
>
> Beethoven

It is not certain, but highly probable, that the shy and retiring Schubert visited Beethoven during these last days. Hüttenbrenner states that he took him to the house a week before the end and the sick man sent out word: "Let Schubert come first." At any rate some copies of his songs were among the last things Beethoven enjoyed. And the Master is reported to have exclaimed: "Truly the divine spark dwells in Schubert." When eighteen months later, the younger man finished the un-

1. According to records in the National Bank of Vienna for July 13, 1819, Beethoven originally bought eight, not seven, bank shares. (Dr. Max Reinitz, *"Beethoven als Bankationar,"* in *"Neue Freie Presse,"* May 28, 1916).
2. When General Kyd offered the mature Beethoven a generous sum to compose a symphony in his own earlier manner, the master was furious and answered in the words of Father William: "Be off, or I'll kick you downstairs."

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finished symphony of his own career, the name of Beethoven was almost constantly on his lips.

The codicil to the Master's will, dated four days before the end, is the last thing we have in his handwriting. Verbatim it reads:

"Meine Nefffe Karle Soll alleini=
(ger)
Erbe sejn, das Kapital
meines Nachlasses soll jedoch
Seinen natü[r]lichen oder testa-
men=tarisch(isch?)en Erben zufal-
len.
Wien am 23=März, 1827
luwig van Beethoen"

Translated:

My nephew Karle shall be sole heir, the capital of my estate shall however revert to his natural or testamentary heirs.

Vienna the 23 March 1827
luwig van Beethoen.

In signing it he was not fully conscious, and had to be supported by Johann and von Breuning. Notice the mis-spellings and the duplications of syllables and letters,—mute testimonies to his condition.

The famous phrase *"Plaudite amici, comoedia finita est,"* (Applaud, friends, the comedy is finished) was probably half-conscious half-quotation from several other famous death-beds. There is some question as to whether Beethoven pronounced that lambent bit of sarcasm after receiving the Host, or after a long consultation of physicians.[1] Some biographers, with more feeling for drama than for history, have assigned to the Latin phrase the rôle of the Master's last words. But one must believe Schindler's statement that his last authentic utterance, spoken at one o'clock on the afternoon of March 24th, was about nothing more momentous than a present of old Rhinewine from Schott the publisher: "Pity, pity—too late!"[2]

Towards evening began two days of almost uninterrupted delirium. "The strong man lay," wrote Gerhard von Breuning, "completely unconscious. . . . breathing so stertorously that the rattle could be heard at a distance. His powerful frame, his unweakened lungs, fought like giants with approaching death."

Late on the afternoon of March 26, 1827, there was a flash of lightning and a sharp peal of thunder. The then unconscious Master raised himself high in bed, as if answering the thunder. His eyes opened wide. He clenched and lifted his right hand, remained in this attitude for several seconds,—and fell back dead.[3]

That clenched hand seemed to say:

"I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last."

Ironically enough, it happened that none whom Beethoven loved, neither Wegeler nor Holz nor the von Breunings nor Karl, were there at the end to close his eyes. Of the two present, one was an acquaintance from out of town named Hüttenbrenner, and the other his enemy and sister-in-law, Therese.

In the opinion of modern science, the immediate cause of Beethoven's death was cirrhosis of the liver.

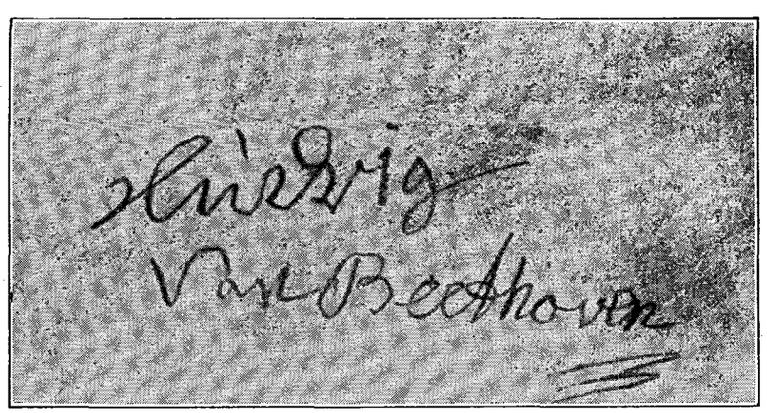
Long and vainly the friends searched for the dead man's fortune—not without some regrettable mutual suspicions and recriminations. Finally Holz pulled at a nail which stuck from an old cabinet. A secret drawer fell out. And there lay the seven bank shares, with the letter to the "Immortal Beloved" and a portrait of the Countess Therese von Brunswick.

The friends also found the English £100, untouched. Like the wine, this gift had come too late. At first the Philharmonic asked for its return. But when Moscheles begged that it should go to Karl "in honor of the great deceased," the Londoners handsomely consented.

The funeral on March 29 befitted the man who had set music free, and had made a professional out of that lackey, the composer. For Beethoven's burial the schools of Vienna were closed, and the military were called out to hold in check a throng of 20,000. The city was alert to do him honor.

Schubert, Hummel, Seyfried, Kreutzer, Czerny and the faithful old quartettists Linke and Schuppanzigh were among the torch-carriers and pall-bearers in the procession to the cemetery at Währing.

Forty-five years later the body was exhumed and reburied in Vienna's *Central Friedhof*. There in that greatest of all musical Pantheons, near the tombs of Haydn, Mozart, Gluck, Hugo Wolf, Schubert and Brahms he lies. Over him rises an obelisk significantly marked in bronze by that ancient symbol of divine creativeness, the serpent biting its own tail. This encloses a butterfly—mute witness to the immortality of man's re-creative genius.



SIGNATURE ON A CODICIL OF BEETHOVEN'S WILL

BEETHOVEN THE LIBERATOR

Most of the music his young ears had known
Was lackey-made, o b s e q u i o u s l y neat,—
A pleasing toy, a powdered wig of tone
To grace the chat of gentry after meat.
But when he touched the strings, the rabble surged
Into the palace among the guests, to find
Their joy and pain, their calm and passion merged
In universal measures for mankind.

Then to his ears the applauding world went dim—
And, on the lonely Patmos of the brave,
He heard the future's choiring Seraphim
Transporting men sprung out of slime and cave
And the dark age that merely could adore
Great music like the Fifth and Leonore.

R. H. S.

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1. In the latter case, the author of *A Doctor's Dilemma* may well envy him this anticipatory specimen of Shavian irony. *Plaudite* was, of course, the conventional closing formula of Latin comedy.

2. It is good to have this human touch in place of the *Plaudite* etc., just as it is good to know that Goethe's last words were not the grandiose and apocryphal "More light!" but a tender phrase addressed to his son's wife: "Give me, then, your little paw!"

3. Significantly, the last piece of tonal defiance —the last musical gesture of challenge on the part of this heroic fighter who had once cried out that he would seize fate by the throat—had been the opening movement of the *Choral* symphony, whose main subject was taken from the *Thunder Storm* in the *Pastoral*.

The End

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